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The Shape of Things

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IT HASN'T HAPPENED HERE—AT LEAST NOT yet, and not entirely. The report of the American Civil Liberties Union for the year ending June 30 is on the whole more encouraging than that of the previous year. The federal government has played a very small role in suppression. No new federal repressive legislation was passed; the relief administrations have on the whole upheld labor's rights to organize and bargain collectively; the National Labor Relations Board, in spite of adverse court decisions, has continued its good record; there has been no serious Post Office censorship; labor injunctions in federal courts have practically disappeared. State and local agencies, on the other hand, have continued to be active. In nineteen strikes, troops were called out to suppress the picket lines or otherwise "maintain order"; Massachusetts passed a teachers'-oath law and a law requiring salute to the flag in schools; New York passed a resolution calling for an investigation of "radicalism" in schools. There were twenty-four lynchings in 1935 as against fourteen in 1934. The American Legion continued to lead among those agencies engaged in attacking the Bill of Rights, with the various chambers of commerce, the D. A. R., and the Hearst press not far behind. On the whole the most violent repression has been directed against labor—and the organizing campaign of the C. I. O. may be expected to accentuate this particular struggle. The most important activity for the coming year is promised as a result of the La Follette resolution to investigate violations of civil liberties, passed by Congress in the session just ended. This will not only strengthen the groups already at work in support of the Bill of Rights, but by its disclosures may very well bring in new champions in those persons who were unaware of how our repressive forces operate. There are still large numbers of Americans in these United States.

*

AMID SUNNY FRATERNITY, THE TRIBOROUGH Bridge was dedicated last Saturday in New York City. Parks, playgrounds, swimming pools, landscaped highways, topped by the graceful arches of the three bridges, shone in their pristine glory. Over this noble prospect the President, the Governor, the Mayor, Mr. Ickes, and Mr. Moses took turns congratulating each other, while down below on Randall's Island policemen happily ate picnic lunches on the grass. Only one still small voice raised an

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inharmonious note in this symphony of good-will. On the river underneath, a boat chugged up and down bearing a banner with the words, "Moses Fires Union Labor—Why?" In all the publicity given the opening of the Triborough, well-deserved emphasis was laid on the energy and initiative of the Park Commissioner, and no one will deny that both in that capacity and as director of the Triborough Bridge Authority, the city has a right to be proud of Mr. Moses. But Mr. Moses's labor policy gives us pause. If he should answer the question on the banner he would have to say that ten leaders of the architects and engineers employed in the design division of the Parks Department were dismissed for having organized their fellow workers into a union and for having voted a half-day sit-down strike for the redress of certain grievances. He would have to say that he has steadily done his best to bar unions from the WPA, from which practically all the labor on his various projects has been recruited. He might add that on four different occasions he has ignored the decision of the WPA appeals board to reinstate men whom he had dismissed. The Park Commissioner is too valuable a civil servant for the city to lose, but precisely because he is of value, his anti-labor bias has power behind it, and that is something the city should know.

*

THE LABOR FRONT CONTINUES ACTIVE, WITH battles being fought and won, and greater ones impending. The Remington Rand strike still drags on, with company tactics getting nastier and nastier. The strike of 12,000 workers in the plant of the Radio Corporation of America at Camden seems likely to be settled on terms satisfactory to the workers, and the 5,500 striking workers of the Wheeling Steel Corporation at Portsmouth, Ohio, have won their fifty-two-day struggle. An interesting point in connection with the Camden strike is the vote in its support by the Philadelphia Central Labor Union, representing 200,000 workers, in spite of President Green's request that A. F. of L. unions ignore it because the strikers belong to an industrial union independent of the A. F. of L. Of impending strikes the most important is that which experts are predicting in the steel industry when the workers organized by the C. I. O. come to grips with a parcel of owners who have to be shown that 1936 is not 1892, or even 1919. It looks as if the industrial drama might make this autumn a bad season for the political troopers.

*

THE SCOURGING RECENTLY ADMINISTERED by Mr. Roosevelt to economic royalists has distracted public attention from their predecessors, the tories, and *their* predecessors the money changers. Proof continues to crop up that the money changers, driven from the temple on March 4, 1933, have since returned and made themselves comfortable again. It will be recalled that one of the New Deal's most vigorous wrestlings with the powers-that-be was its victorious fight to separate deposit banking from investment banking. It was felt, rightly, that it was too much for human flesh to bear the double burden of safeguarding the money of trusting depositors while at the same time seeking to sell them engraved wallpaper and other debentures. Unfortunately, the use of corporate whiskers is making a nullity of this, as of other New Deal reforms. Last week it was announced that the J. Henry Schroder Banking Corporation had organized Schroder, Rockefeller, and Company to take over its security business. In this regard it follows precedent. J. P. Morgan and Company now has Morgan, Stanley, and Company; Chase National Bank has the Amerex Corporation; Brown Brothers, Harriman, and Company have Brown, Harriman, and Company; First National of Boston has the First of Boston Corporation; Lazard Freres has Lazard Freres and Company. Thus by legalistic legerdemain an old abuse reappears in a new guise, and the use of corporate dummies makes it possible again for the banker to make a profit selling himself securities. In our next depression a new New Deal will probably bring forth new legislation. And new loopholes.

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BEFORE THIS ISSUE OF THE NATION APPEARS on the newsstands, some action will probably have been taken in the much-heralded dispute between Mr. Green's A. F. of L. and Mr. Lewis's C. I. O. The most ardent proponent of suspension for the eight unions which make up the C. I. O. seems to be Mr. Frey of the Metal Trades Department, who demands no compromise with the insurgents. He is heartily seconded by Mr. Hutcheson, president of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters, whose indignation is doubtless augmented by the memory of what the New York *Times* delicately calls a "fistic encounter" with Mr. Lewis at the last A. F. of L. convention. Mr. Green, on the other hand, seems to be in a temporizing mood. He hints that maybe the whole unfortunate affair can be postponed until the next meeting of the executive council just before the convention in September; meanwhile he hopes that further conferences with the representatives of the C. I. O. may result in having them see the error of their ways. To date it must be admitted that Mr. Lewis does not seem disposed to admit error. His forthright speech over the air on July 6 was thoroughly uncompromising. The C. I. O. would proceed with its organizing campaign, he said, in spite of all that the American Iron and Steel Institute and its allies the bankers could do. He did not say in spite of all that the reactionary forces of the A. F. of L. could do, but this was implicit in his remarks. If we were a mass-production worker, we should be inclined to place our bets on Mr. Lewis, whether he had been "disciplined" by the A. F. of L. or not.

*

THE PROPHECY OF A DIRTY CAMPAIGN IS being realized. Paul Block, publisher and Hearst crony, has reprinted as an advertisement an editorial attack on Governor Lehman which drags the Jewish issue into the campaign. An interchange between the New York *World-Telegram* and John Hamilton, Landon's campaign manager, underlines the issue. We wish that Republicans and Democrats alike would not vie with each other in keeping anti-semitism out of politics by talking about it.

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WHILE CLOUDS OF AEROPLANES OVER LE BOURGET demonstrated to the people of Paris the remarkable advances that have lately been made in French military aviation, some 20,000 veterans of the World War gathered at Verdun and pledged themselves to peace. Many of them, it seems, were survivors of that desperate battle of twenty years ago. Representatives were there from many foreign countries—even 500 Germans. There were no speeches; only tolling of bells, playing of dirges, sounding of bugle-calls, and the oath solemnly taken by each individual, "This is for the peace of the world." A moving ceremony, but one wonders how effective. France is a capitalist country, and capitalist countries will still "go to war whenever there is anything to be had by it," so long as those who must do the fighting can be herded into the trenches. Peace is not to be had through pledges like that of Verdun, but through militant action on the part of the exploited classes—a firm refusal to fight the battles of the privileged class, and an equally firm resolve to defend the interests of the masses against aggression.

*

IN GEORGES CHICHERIN, WHO DIED JULY 7, the Soviet Union lost a leader who, during its most critical period, was virtually indispensable. No one in the Soviet ranks could have achieved the seemingly impossible task of bringing the Bolshevisk outcast back into the scheme of international affairs—no one but this old-line aristocrat with the Marxist flame aglow under a polished exterior, this pre-war Czarist diplomat with years in Siberia and in British jails testifying to his revolutionary sincerity. Chicherin brought to his work an untiring energy that habitually turned night into day, a brilliant and profound erudition that forced English newspapers to acknowledge him as Lord Curzon's match, and a combination of tact, tolerance, and character that brought him into close understanding with liberal industrialists like Walter Rathenau and arch-conservatives like German Ambassador Count Brockdorff-Rantzau. The long-range validity of his policies is only now being recognized in full. In 1921 he concluded the Rapallo Treaty with Germany which brought his country the first recognition by a major power. He used the inferior position in which Germany was then held by the Allies to cement a friendship that held fast until Hitler changed the German view of Russia from a commercial hinterland into a field for military expansion. In 1923 he formulated the Dardanelles policy which his successors today are maintaining at Montreux in a much stronger position. His efforts were responsible for the beginnings of the slow dissociation of the Soviet government from the Communist International, which two years ago enabled Litvinov to perform the U.S.S.R.'s most useful economic feat by gaining reestablishment of diplomatic relations with the United States.

*

CANADA'S CONSTITUTIONAL PROBLEM IS similar to but in some ways more serious than that faced in this country. Like the United States, Canada has been without any national legislation on minimum wages, social insurance, or regulation of working conditions because it was generally accepted that these matters fell within the jurisdiction of the provinces. When the depression made some form of national action imperative, Mr. Bennett, who was then Prime Minister, pushed through a series of laws whose claim to constitutionality rested on the treaty-making power of the dominion government. These acts implemented agreements reached at the International Labor Organization which, when ratified by a certain number of states, were held to have the standing of a treaty. Should the Privy Council in London sustain the Canadian Supreme Court, the dominion government will face a difficult task in finding a basis for the enactment of social legislation. At present a constitutional amendment can only be obtained through the devious channel of an appeal to Westminster. While the majority of provinces favor a change in the constitution which would shift the power of amendment from Westminster to Ottawa, the province of New Brunswick has opposed the proposal on the ground of safeguarding "provincial rights." Despite seventy years of federation, sectional jealousies are still very powerful, particularly in the eastern part of Canada. New Brunswick has recently adopted a bill which imposes a heavy tax on all outside corporations doing business in the province which, if copied in all the provinces, would threaten the continued existence of a national economy. Strong and vigorous national leadership is essential if the dominion is to emerge unscathed from its present economic and political crisis.

*

BY THE DEATH OF HENRY WRIGHT, THE creative forces in architecture, housing, and town-planning have sustained an irreparable loss. Years ago as a pioneer he analyzed the inadequacy of the planning of our houses and our cities, the unsatisfactory street patterns, the self-defeating wastes in building costs entailed by the overcrowding of land, and he offered solutions more suitable, more livable, and more economical. These early analyses, these brilliant solutions paved the theoretic way for the few community developments to which we can point. In most of these he had a direct hand—in the war-time shipping-board developments for which he was town planner, in the communities of Sunnyside, Radburn, and Chatham Village in Pittsburgh. Characteristically, these were collaborations. It was Wright who furnished the spark, the brilliant clue, the jump forward. Important as has been his contribution to the current physical scene in the way of signposts, his vital influence on younger men in architecture and town planning is of even greater significance. In his informal summer schools at his farm, in his courses at universities over the country, in his town-planning atelier at Columbia, he was constantly priming the young men of talent and imagination with new ideals and new technical equipment for carrying them out and also imbuing them with the courage to fight for a system that would permit their use. To these men and to all who had come under his influence, Henry Wright was not only an example of technical brilliance and originality, but the model of the creative professional man at his best.

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Compare the Platforms

WHEN you open this week's issue of *The Nation* you will find inserted in it a four-page supplement of the party platforms for 1936. Following the admirable example established in previous election years by the editors of the *World Tomorrow*, which has discontinued publication, we are presenting for American voters a comparative view of the position taken by the six major party platforms on the basic issues of the 1936 election campaign. One of the platforms chosen—that of the Chicago Farmer Labor Conference—is a platform without a national ticket. But it has been included because of the historic importance of the emergence of a farmer-labor nucleus in American political life. Moreover, even in the absence of a national ticket, there will be local and congressional farmer-labor tickets in the field that will build on the position established by the national conference.

Compare the platforms. There is a healthy clearing of vision that results from placing side by side in a matter-of-fact way the pronouncements of the various parties on such issues as unemployment and relief, on housing, on munitions, on labor relations, on civil liberties. We are all too prone, when we read a party platform at all, to read it as we might read an oration and be carried along on the tide of its eloquence. We don't see the gaps and omissions. We mistake rhetoric for reality. We don't smell the evasions or glimpse the straddles. But distil out of all the verbiage and attitudinizing the actual and concrete proposals of any party on specific issues, and something is gained. The promises still remain, of course, promises and not fulfillments. But at least we know what is being promised. And that is a real gain, however small.

The six platforms fall, at least for us, into three groups. On the one hand, there are the Socialists, Communists, and Farmer Labor positions. Despite great historical divergences among the respective groups behind them, and despite great differences in the theory and tactics of those groups, the platforms themselves have an underlying community of viewpoint. On the other hand, there are the Republican and Union Party positions. These also, despite basic differences in history and class composition, have an essentially similar character. What ties together the three groups on the left is a common concern with achieving an economy of plenty by expanding the welfare of the working and unprivileged classes rather than by freezing the present position of the dominant business groups. What unites the Landon and Lemke candidacies is a concern, basically reactionary, with resisting and suppressing every move toward socialization. Despite some of the populist phrasings in the Union Party platform, its silence on the issues of public ownership, the Supreme Court, and civil liberties is eloquent. Somewhere between these two positions stands the Democratic platform, essentially liberal, hemmed in by the fear of advance and the impossibility of retreat.

The editors of *The Nation* will develop their own position in the campaign in a succession of editorials that will follow this one. For the present we wish only to say that of all the issues presented we consider the really basic ones to be the place of the Supreme Court in the economic order, and the issue of labor relations and labor organization. Not that the others are in any sense unimportant. There has never been a time in our history when every issue—whether dealing with economic policy, international affairs, or human relations—had a more fateful importance for us. But in every period of history there are certain problems that constitute the gateway to the others and represent the crucial and immediate line of advance. Today, in America, those problems are two. One—the Supreme Court—has to do with a political institution that blocks and will continue to block any important effort toward the control of business enterprise and the achievement of security. The other—labor organization—has to do with the only possible base for effective political action in the direction of economic plenty, international peace, and a genuine American culture. Above all the smoke and din of the campaign battle, we must keep these two issues as the poles of our thinking.

Retreat to the Old Diplomacy

ON JULY 15, the League's first experiment with economic sanctions came officially to an end. By all standards of power politics the experiment has been a failure. Despite the fact that the penalties were enforced better than anyone had considered possible and that they had actually begun to squeeze Italy, the attempt was abandoned under circumstances that make it most improbable that the same tactics will be applied again. If it were only a matter of scrapping some of the more debatable sections of Article XVI of the League Covenant, the situation might not be without hope. But we are actually confronted with a complete collapse of the principle of collective law. The League machinery remains intact, but the organization is devoid of power and prestige. The developments of the past fortnight indicate that Europe is already disintegrating, and that the neighbors of Nazi Germany are searching frantically for allies in the conflict that they know cannot long be postponed. Dr. Schacht's successful mission to the Balkans has threatened to destroy the Little Entente and the whole French system of alliances in that area. This development, together with the Austro-German accord which has just been agreed on, give Berlin hegemony over an area roughly equivalent to the territory controlled by the Reich and Austria-Hungary on the eve of 1914.

Next to Hitler, Mussolini has been the chief beneficiary of the collapse of the collective system. Six months ago he was a pariah among the nations. Today, he is the most sought after man in Europe. In an effort to obtain his support against Germany, the Blum government has repudiated sanctions and broken its mutual-assistance pact with England. London itself has removed a good share of its

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fleet from the Mediterranean in the hope of conciliating Rome. Despite these concessions, Mussolini has refused to participate in the Dardanelles conference, and has apparently reached an agreement with Hitler on the troublesome Austrian problem. No one expects Italy to line up on the side of Germany in an actual conflict—any more than it did in 1914—but if Hitler can keep both Rome and London neutral, at least temporarily, he will be in a stronger position than the Kaiser was twenty-two years ago.

It is true that the League's capitulation to Italy and the Locarno powers' surrender to Germany on the remilitarization of the Rhineland have removed threats of war. As long as potential aggressors can obtain what they desire without fighting, there is little danger of an actual conflict breaking out. But unfortunately, as Japan has shown in North China, an aggressor's appetite does not become satiated with easy conquest. Meanwhile, by their indecisiveness and cowardice, the democratic countries of Europe have frittered away their most precious resource—the tremendous prestige associated with collective security. When the inevitable war with Germany comes, scoffers will say, as they mistakenly said of Britain last fall, that the war is merely a conflict of empires in which no principle is at stake. If England continues its present policy of relying solely on diplomatic intrigue and the force of its armaments, the criticism will be wholly justified. For England especially, this defiance of world opinion is a very serious matter. Britishers have made no bones of the fact that they are counting on the aid of the United States in the next war. In a conflict in which Great Britain was obviously seeking to defend the principles of collective security against fascist aggression, this country would certainly lend at least its moral and economic support. But in a war of empires, provoked by the system of secret alliances, the American people would think many times before they lent aid to Great Britain or any other power.

What has been happening in the past few months cannot inspire us with much belief in the political animal as he has been operating on the European scene. All the much-vaunted structures that have been painfully built up to further international accord and place barriers in the way of war are clearly lying in ruins. The best that may be said for the League is not much: amid the general desolation it alone has any chance at all of serving as a nucleus for later efforts to build collective sanctions and a collective will in Europe. But to say this is already the bitterest indictment of the present European plight. When the Roman world was overrun by the barbarians and Roman culture was all but snuffed out, a few centers were still left in which the embers could be kept alive for a later era. This is the League today, waiting for the time when Europe will build up again something like a collective will for peace, and a collective organization to further that will.

Until then we have the old diplomacy all over again. If you can stomach the task, try reading again the history of European diplomacy in the years just before 1914 and then read the daily newspapers today. The similarity is so striking that even a professional international optimist should be able to notice it. To follow European events today is like reliving an old nightmare. All the old features of the pre-1914 situation are here: the alliance system, the armament race, statesmen mouthing platitudes about peace while aeroplane formations fly overhead and every possible industrial plant is feverishly conscripted for the production of instruments of death, courtesy visits of diplomats to European capitals, jockeying for positions, and realignments, accords like the present German-Austrian accord.

There is one new element of importance in the European situation. That is a growing recognition that if the old diplomacy is ever to be broken down and collective security achieved, the foundation for that security must first be laid by democratic movements in each of the important countries of Europe. Russia, in her own fashion, has led the way. Spain and France, however imperfectly in *their* own fashion, are following. Every victory of the organized forces of labor and the common man within each European country must prove a nail driven into the coffin of the old diplomacy, and eventually of the war system in Europe. Meanwhile the coffin is empty and the corpse that is to fill it thrives lustily.

Roosevelt and the Drought

CANUTE, the Dane, had many achievements to his credit, but what the school child knows of him is that he commanded the tide to behave itself. Franklin Roosevelt may perhaps win immortality in a similar way. According to a *Times* dispatch he "declared forcefully" that some way must be found to prevent the recurrence of periodic droughts. Must. But these droughts have been recurring for some fifty million years, if we are to believe the findings of the geologists. The high plains were a short-grass country, that is, a semi-arid country, when the tertiary horse formed his teeth. Scientists do not know what causes the vast currents of air that tumble in from the Pacific to turn periodically northeastward over the desert and, furnace-dried and superheated, to fall upon the unfortunate high prairie. What is known is that these currents are a thousand miles wide and several miles high, unlikely to pay much respect to CCC earth dams and scraggly shelter belts.

The problem is really one not of control but of adaptation. Twice a century, it is safest to assume, we shall have droughts covering some hundreds of thousands of square miles, growing worse for several years, then gradually receding. Between these major, widely extended droughts there will be many sporadic droughts, sometimes afflicting an unfortunate region for several years in succession. Other regions will have rain in torrents. But no farmer or stockman in the whole territory between the hundredth meridian and the Rockies can ever count with certainty upon a sufficient rainfall.

Plainly, the present economy of the semi-arid region is ill-adapted to the realities of the climate. A quarter of a million families have been virtually burned out in the last three years. They have no recourse but federal relief; and

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relief they must have until satisfactory plans have been made for establishing a more intelligent economy.

Such an economy will recognize the great variability of this whole region in capacity for sustaining plant and animal life and will therefore provide for the most painless practicable expansion or contraction of tillage and stock raising. Much of the land now tilled should be returned to the range; much of the better watered land should be reserved for the production of reserve forage, to reduce the losses from the forcible reduction of herds that now follows a sudden onset of drought. It goes without saying that whatever lands are capable of irrigation without excessive cost should be supplied with water, but such lands should be strictly coordinated with the economy of the adjoining grass regions, instead of being treated as mere oases of subsidized production for the national market.

However necessary such a reorganization of the economic life of the high plains may be, it remains to be seen whether the Administration will dare to undertake it. In the same interview in which the President promised to control the air currents he declared that there has never been a thought of evacuating any part of the drought-ruined population. It is, however, not only the drought states, but every county, every village, that oppose any reduction of population through economic readjustment. The business men, the lawyers, doctors, editors, preachers in the towns, have nothing ultimately to live on but the farmers and stockmen. Any reorganization that amounts to anything is bound to bring about a redistribution of population. A given area will not maintain so large a population by grazing as by mixed farming. It will not yield so large a gross production to be handled by the towns, even though it affords a satisfactory standard of living for the population that remains—something that mixed farming and unregulated grazing do not do—if the bad years are considered.

Mr. Roosevelt owes nothing to the small-town business crowd. They will beat him if they can. If he carries the agrarian states it will be because the underlying population, the farmers and ranchers and the town-workers associated with them, believe in him. They will not believe in him long if they find him placing the vested interests of the small-town oligarchy above their own vital needs. What the burnt-out farmer vitally needs is a plan that will give him a fair chance for a living, on land that may reasonably be expected to respond to his labor and skill, whether or not within his present county or state lines.

We have become somewhat panicky about the ravages of erosion on our farm lands. We have reason to be panicky. But there is an even more serious form of erosion, the weathering away of the hopes and energies of the farm population, upon which our national subsistence ultimately depends. The drought is a colossal agency of this most dangerous form of erosion. A quarter of a million American farmers are wrecked by it. Peace to politics: what does Mr. Roosevelt really propose to do about it? Reverse the error that transformed the semi-arid lands into unlimited private property, object of speculation and tragic deception? Or rock along with relief and futile patching in the hope that the next great drought will fall upon a remote Administration?

Olympic Trials

THE city of Berlin is being scrubbed inside and out. The fronts of buildings are being sandblasted, pavements are being relaid, the whole length of Unter den Linden is being planted with young linden trees, because the excavations for the new subway destroyed the old ones. In addition a new set of manners is being urged on the German people. Be Kind to Foreigners Week starts as we write and will end on August 16, at the close of the Olympic games.

And if the news dispatches are to be believed, this regime of politeness and cleanliness will be tested to the utmost before the games are over. German athletes have been undergoing secret training guaranteed superior to the training received by teams of other nations. At the recent try-outs, however, when athletes were being picked for the teams, it was admitted—sadly by German onlookers, not so sadly by foreign journalists—that the results did not seem to be very happy. Worse still, the men were far outclassed by the women! Only a dyed-in-the-wool Nazi can realize the full ignominy of the New York *Times* dispatch which declares that "Germany's hopes of making good in the Olympics depends on its women." In the famous pamphlet of Herr Bruno Maltz, sports leader of the storm troops, the Nazi position on sports for women was made abundantly clear. "We fight women's sports. . . . Women should remain womanly. . . . Look at girl athletes who have reached the age of thirty. They look like fifty: manly, the spirit of battle written on their faces, bony and bare of womanhood." What an irony if Berlin's face should be lifted only to see as its victorious athletes women who at thirty look like storm troopers or Herr Göring!

Nor is this the least of the trials which because of the Olympics the Nazis will have to suffer. The American team, some 350 strong, is halfway across the Atlantic. The leading athlete seems to be Jesse Owens of Ohio State University, who won the final trials in the one-hundred-meter dash, the two-hundred-meter dash, and the broad jump. Mr. Owens is a Negro. There are also Cornelius Johnson and David Albritton, who in the final trials broke all high-jump records with the astonishing leap of 6 feet, 9¾ inches. Mr. Johnson and Mr. Albritton are Negroes, too. Nor are they the only representatives of their race of which the team may boast. In Nazi Germany the only animal which is lower than a Jew is a Negro. Indeed, one of the gravest counts against the Jew, according to prevalent German racial theory, is that he consorts with Negroes and thereupon spreads the resulting Negro infection to the pure Aryans whom God has blessed with Adolf Hitler. How will these dark-skinned American athletes fit into a freshly sandblasted Berlin? Where will they sleep or eat or take their showers? What if they should win all the events not won by the defeminized German women? It is problems like these that must be keeping Propaganda Minister Goebbels awake these nights. To be one of the Nazi chosen people is not, if we may be permitted a solecism, a bed of roses.

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WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

Mr. Michelson Doesn't Write All the Speeches

Campaign Press Agents

Washington, July 13

GOD may or may not be on Roosevelt's side but the press agents certainly are. Especially the Republican Party's press agents. They don't want to be, of course, but they are bound to, for the battery of them currently being lined up to sell Mr. Landon to the voters comprises precisely the same species of organ grinders that passed Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover off on an unsuspecting but not undeserving country. In fact, some are the very same persons. They can no more emit persuasively liberal statements and speeches than a duck-billed platypus can emulate Lily Pons. And if there is one thing on which the Republican and Democratic high commands are agreed, it is that their candidates have got at least to sound and look liberal this year to fetch the votes.

To understand how impossible an assignment in camouflage that will be for the buncombe boys hired to paint Mr. Landon pink, one must first absorb a bit of knowledge about the mysteries of the political press agent's craft, and it is essential to begin with a realization that his positive contributions to the progress of a Presidential campaign are minor. His labors in that direction combined with those of all his aides and janissaries influence at maximum only a few hundred thousand scattered votes. These efforts consist largely in being the answer to the United Typothetae's prayer, an out-pouring of pamphlets, leaflets, handbooks, and handbills which serve principally as a form of patronage for printers, and of campaign propaganda disguised as news stories.

The work of the radio, stage, and movie divisions of the publicity staffs belongs in approximately the same category. The gentry who head these divisions are concerned chiefly with cozening time or space from the radio and newsreel companies, wangling for preferment over their rivals in the opposition party, cajoling big names in the amusement world into endorsing candidates as they endorse cold creams and cigarettes. They are either business diplomats or stunt-devisers. Sometimes their stunts fail through no fault of their own. For example, it was not their fault that Mr. Schmeling put Joe Louis to sleep just after the Democrats had arranged to capture the Harlem vote by having Joe announce he had attained the age of twenty-one and would cast his first vote for Mr. Roosevelt.

Sol A. Rosenblatt, former NRA Division Administrator in charge of codes for the entertainment industries, has been engaged by the Democrats to lead their radio and screen procurators. He will be assisted on the technical end of his radio activities by W. B. Dolph, a brother-in-law of Herbert L. Pettey, who recently resigned his secretaryship of the Federal Communications Commission to hire out to a New York radio concern. Pettey headed the Democrats' radio division in 1932 and was rewarded with appointment to the FCC post. Dolph has been connected with an independent station here and from that vantage point has been playing the radio applications game, a form of horsetrading in which the FCC holds the stakes. Eddie Dowling, a political song and dance man from Rhode Island, will head the Democrats' stage division. The names of the Republicans' radio, stage, and screen wizards have not yet been divulged.

The only other open and positive activity of the political press agents is the composition of speeches and statements. It has become the favorite dull-day resort of Republican journalists to overemphasize the extent to which the speeches of New Dealers are the product of Charles Michelson's pen. If he were to write all that have been attributed to him, Michelson on occasion would have had to equal in a single day the lifetime output of a Dumas or a Dickens. In reality, the press agent composes the speeches of only the more stupid and boozy political spokesmen. In most cases, the speeches of political hot shots are, if not the work of their own deliveries, the product of their personal staffs of advisers and secretaries. Where the party's press agents get in their work is in telling when and when not to loose these speeches upon the electorate. It is, in fact, in the negative field that the astute press agent earns his bread, butter, and caviar. His worth rises in accordance with his ability to suppress and especially with his ability to suppress genuine issues.

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When mere numbers are considered, the Democrats' press battery, of course, far outnumbers the Republicans'. It is virtually impossible to call the Democratic roll. There is no end to it. It includes not only a dozen or so men employed directly by the Democratic national committee but a whole legion employed by the federal government. Each federal department has its press chief who, in turn, has serving under him a battalion of subordinate press agents, one or more to each bureau in the department. Many of them are men of higher competence than any the Republicans can command. Michael Straus, Ickes's chief press agent, a master of the subtler forms of his art, is a case in point. These men are paid $3,500 to $10,000 a year. Cummings's man, Henry Suydam, for example, whose present status is a little dubious due to a joker inserted in the current appropriation bill of the Department of Justice prohibiting the employment of "special assistants" who are not lawyers, gets as much as the Solicitor General of the United States or J. Edgar Hoover, the great G-man. The list merely begins with these men, who were hired under the selective eye of Steve Early, a former Associated Press reporter and, later, newsreel contact man here, who serves as Roosevelt's secretary in charge of press relations.

But all of them put together with their talents magnified and triple-distilled cannot counterbalance the fact that the press of the country through which they must work is overwhelmingly Republican and would distort their offerings even if proved holy writ. It is sheerest nonsense to hold, as my colleague Frank Kent, the always entrancing Mark Sullivan, and the Talmudical Mr. Lawrence, are forever holding, that these New Deal press agents represent the cream of American reportorial talent and have been lured away from the nation's newspaper owners with huge offerings of gold. Most of them were out of work and down at the heel when they were hired, and many of those that left newspaper jobs to take New Deal posts went for less money and because they could no longer stomach their employers' journalistic infidelities. It is also nonsense to maintain that these New Deal press agents have been able to subvert the press.

Certainly none of them has been guilty of so crass a piece of stupidity as that of Theodore A. Huntley, until this week the Republican national committee's chief press agent. Huntley in a flaming manifesto early this year accused the Administration of suppressing a report on the FERA's operations which Congress had ordered to be presented in January. At the time Huntley issued his blast, the report in question not only had been duly filed but had been distributed to the press and was gathering dust on many a reporter's desk here. Huntley, whose present status in the G. O. P. press organization is indefinable, has been operating in such a way as to arouse belief in the minds of novices that he actually was working for the Democrats, but those who know him entertained no such suspicions; they know that Ted would rather take hemlock than Democratic gold today. It was not always so; in 1924, he took some of that gold in exchange for writing John W. Davis's campaign biography. But then, perhaps, Democracy was a little different. Certainly it was only a short step for Huntley from Davis's biographer to secretary for Pennsylvania's (and Mellon's) Senator, Dave Reed. When Reed was defeated Huntley bounced into a Hearst editorship here and thence into his Republican committee berth.

No such boners are to be expected from the man who today succeeded Huntley as chief G. O. P. press agent, although Alfred Henry Kirchhofer is no less capable of discerning giants under Roosevelt's bed. He runs as managing editor a paper, the Buffalo *Evening News,* which is capable of discerning boondoggling in a project to disconnect the sewage disposal system from a community's water supply. Kirchhofer, who entered newspaper work via a Y. M. C. A. secretaryship and served Butler's paper from 1921 through 1927 as its Washington correspondent, is a dour fellow of no particular journalistic distinction save the rather dubious one of being vice-president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors. He was Hoover's press agent in the 1928 campaign. Harry Jay Brown, who shared that experience with him, is scheduled to share his 1936 assignment, too.

Brown, a roly-poly warhorse, is a relic of that earlier day in American journalism when it did not seem unseemly for a reporter also to hold a place on the party payroll. He has been a Washington correspondent since 1897 and has been on the G. O. P. payroll, it seems, most of the intervening years. At present correspondent for such papers as the Boise (Idaho) *Statesman,* the Spokane (Washington) *Spokesman-Review,* and the Oakland (California) *Tribune,* he was one of Coolidge's press agents in 1924 as well as one of Hoover's in 1928. His chief talent is a knowledge of what Republican newspapers want to print. Two of Brown's and Kirchhofer's colleagues in the Hoover build-up also will assist them in their efforts to make Landon seem to be the man Bruce Barton had in mind when he wrote "The Man Nobody Knows." Those two are Roy A. Roberts, managing editor of the Kansas City *Star,* and Henry J. Allen, former Kansas Governor, former Senator, and former Hearst editor, who enjoyed the title of Hoover's chief press agent in 1928 and is now the publisher of a daily paper at Topeka. Allen, a bumptious fellow with no better sense than to think Mussolini grand, was elected Governor of Kansas while serving in France with the Red Cross in charge of its "home-communications service." He was appointed to the Senate to succeed Charlie Curtis. Both Allen and Roberts helped sell Landon to editors before the Cleveland convention.

Another important member of Landon's press battery is E. Ross Bartley, a pleasant, workmanlike fellow who seems destined to be the candidate's personal press-relations man. Bartley is so thoroughly Old Guard in his attitudes that his tendons, like those of Brown, Kirchhofer, Allen, and the rest, if dissected out would snap into knots that spelled "G. O. P." He got that way during the Harding Administration when he covered the White House for the Associated Press, and made friends with the Ohio gang.

The Democratic press battery is not much like Bartley, Kirchhofer, Brown, Allen, and the rest. It includes, in addition to Early and their chief, Michelson, M. Farmer Murphy, Leon Henderson, E. L. Roddan, Marshall Coles, and Norman W. Baxter. I hope to treat of them later.

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The New Soviet Abortion Law

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, June 27

THE new Soviet law of June 27, 1936, on abortions, divorces, alimony, and so on, is a blot on Moscow's inspiring record for advanced social legislation. It has all the marks of a man-made document. Indeed, the men must have been old men with blurred memories. The law, moreover, is a mockery of the democratic discussion which stirred the U.S.S.R. for a month before its final promulgation.

On May 26 the Soviet government published the draft of a law entirely prohibiting abortions except when "the continuation of pregnancy constitutes a danger to life or threatens serious harm to the health of the woman." The bill would likewise encourage the rearing of large families, raise alimony fees, improve child care, increase the capacity of maternity clinics, and make divorce slightly more difficult.

In days gone by, the Bolsheviks would have immediately superimposed the law, and the population would have swallowed it. But this time a nation-wide debate was not merely sanctioned; the authorities insisted on its being free, open, and honest. They invited criticism and they got it good and hard. They deserved it, for the suggested decree was an extremely bad and unprogressive one. Citizens subjected every detail of the draft to withering fire. Letters published in the press and speeches made at public meetings tore the document to pieces, and plain peasant women and students offered amendments and alterations which were definite improvements on the woefully inadequate, mistaken paragraphs of the official lawmakers.

Moscow for once apparently admitted its fallibility. Adverse comment was in order. One was not a counter-revolutionary if one did not regard as 100 per cent perfect every move and idea which emanated from the Kremlin. How often painfully loyal, orthodox foreign friends of the Soviet Union have tied themselves into knots trying to explain or explain away some Bolshevik measure! Sympathizers of the Soviet Union too often permit their reactionary enemies to drive them into a tactically weak position where they must defend the indefensible simply because others attack.

The public criticism of the government's anti-abortion bill was a unique affair. It was unhampered. A few politicians, as unaware as some foreigners of the deep social changes which have been taking place in the U.S.S.R., proceeded as was their wont on previous occasions. They called meetings, presented a ready-made resolution, and railroaded through the usual unanimous "Hallelujah" adoption. They were fiercely denounced by the *Pravda* and other newspapers. Although I know of one or two cases where minor officials sought to control or suppress expressions of unfavorable opinion about the draft law, and although a number of people, from long habit, thought it necessary to go through the motions of general approbation in order to sugar-coat the pill of their subsequent objections, the discussion was a real referendum of popular wishes. It appeared to everybody that the government could not possibly ignore the widespread vocal opposition to its proposals. The debate, one had to believe, must result in radical modification of the draft. This democratic consultation of the nation's opinion raised the hope that the country would be saved from the disastrous effects of the proposed law. Suddenly, however, Moscow dashed these hopes. Without warning, after four weeks of free discussion in which wise, invaluable amendments were offered on all sides, the Soviet government simply republished the draft with several minor changes. This miserable draft thereby became a law. The *Komsomolskaya Pravda* cannot be serious when it says that this is "a law approved by the nation." The *Pravda* must have had its tongue in its cheek when it affirmed that "the Soviet government listened attentively to the views and proposals of the toilers." That is just what the government did not do. It behaved as if no discussion had ever

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taken place. On the most important issue, abortions, the final law repeats the blanket prohibition, merely adding that women can get abortions where a parent suffers from a serious illness which may be inherited by the child. "Thanks for nothing" is all one can say about such an alteration. It should have been in the original draft.

It is a crime to ban abortions in the U.S.S.R. "Only under socialism," reads the law, "where exploitation of man by man is absent, where woman is a member of society enjoying full rights, and where accelerated improvement of material well-being is the law of social growth—only in such conditions can a serious struggle with abortions be undertaken." This is all very true. But Soviet conditions are not yet so good as to warrant the state in insisting that every pregnancy should mean a child.

In the U.S.S.R., to be sure, the social institutions of the state and the universal opportunities offered by a quickly growing nation do lighten the burdens of the family. Lydia Gribakina, writing to the *Pravda* from Rostov during the debate, told how her husband was killed by the Kolchak forces in 1919. She had to work and raise four sons. "Now," she declares, "they are noble men of our country. Dmitri is employed in the Arctic, Guri is a captain in the army, Benjamin graduated from the art academy and is an artist, and Herman is studying in the military aviation school. Two of them have been decorated by the government." Children, many other women argued in correspondence to the papers, do not interfere with employment or prevent participation in community life. "On the contrary," Pasha Angelina, the leader of a tractor brigade in the Donetz region and holder of the Order of Lenin, asserts, "we see thousands of women workers, collective farmers, physicians, teachers, who devote much time to their jobs and are simultaneously model mothers." Yes, but for how long and at what cost to health and to the work? Besides, that is all right with one or two babies, but not with five. "K. B.," a woman university student, wrote to the Moscow *Izvestia*. The editor published her letter under the caption "I Object." E. Firsaeva, a colleague of hers, took issue with her in the same daily. "Listen, dear K. B.," Firsaeva says, "I study in your university. . . . My son does not interfere with my studies. Indeed, the institute has helped me rear the child. You and your friend Galia are afraid that you will have to leave school if you become pregnant. But thousands of our students are bringing up their children in day nurseries. In these three years I have not once heard of a woman who left the university because mothers cannot live with children in the dormitories. Come to our institute (Yakimanka Street 40) and you will see that mothers live in bright, comfortable rooms, avail themselves of good nurseries in the same dormitory buildings, and receive special monthly money grants from the trade-union committee and the dean's office."

Such arrangements make a vast difference. But nobody argued against children altogether. The point is that the proscription of abortions must result in an endless number of children and in a situation which will swamp Soviet child-care facilities even if they are extended and ruin families instead of strengthening them. Abortions, of course, are not good for the health. "Half of women's diseases," Dr. Kulazhenkova told a meeting of textile workers in Western Russia, "neurasthenia, miscarriages, barrenness—all these are the consequences of abortions." The extra burdens of a large family, however, will also undermine a woman's constitution.

The case for continuing legal abortions was put in a host of letters to the Soviet press. A woman economist wrote: "I cannot agree to the prohibition of abortions. At present a woman has equal rights with men, holds a job, engages in much social activity, and at the same time must bear, nurse, and raise children. To have more than two or three children means to give up her work and her social activity." "The prohibition of abortions," wrote another woman, ". . . must be looked upon as a grave infringement of women's personal rights." Said Nina Yershova in the *Pravda:* "It would seem that you want to return woman to the pots and dish rags, and tear her away from the political life of the country, from work and from studies."

"I assert," said N. Karpova of the Moscow University to the *Izvestia* "that it is impossible at one and the same time to be a good student and a worthy mother. . . . Just try to have a child when father and mother are studying, both are receiving state stipends, and live in different parts of town, in different dormitories." A young man at the Moscow Pedagogical Institute believes that by reason of the three-month enforced, paid vacation from classroom before and after pregnancy, a woman who wanted to have a child while attending university would lose a year of her course. Two women scientists told this to the *Pravda:* "We wish to enjoy the unhampered right to decide: To be or not to be a mother." "I am an artist," asserted Irina Soya-Serko in the *Evening Moscow*. "I have two children, one at school, the other a baby. Both were desired, both are warmly loved. But I want no more. They would compel me to neglect my creative work, and that I cannot accept."

Crowded housing in Soviet cities is another unanswerable argument against the illegalizing of abortions. "I have one child nearly three years old," wrote a woman to the *Moscow Daily News,* "and would gladly have another, but we already have four people (including my domestic worker) living in one little room, and in my opinion it would be a crime to bring another child into the already overcrowded room." This sentiment was echoed hundreds of times in the press. For instance: "Women with children who live in crowded living quarters must decide themselves whether they want another child or not." "In a room with an area of twenty square meters live I, my mother, my husband, and our two children. I want another child, but can I afford it in these conditions? House building should be accelerated, and in the distribution of dwellings, large families should be favored." "It is impossible so to improve living conditions in the big cities in the necessary short space of time as to supply big families with the required apartments." Eugenia Moskvina, a twenty-

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nine year old Leningrad factory worker, informed the *Izvestia* as follows: "I live in one room. It is crowded. I have two children. My husband is a student who still has three years to study. He receives a stipend of 110 roubles a month. I work and our average monthly income amounts to 500 roubles. I finish work, run to the nursery for one of the children. I come home. The room is not made. My school-boy son wants his meal. My head swims. Can I, in such circumstances, allow myself to have another child?"

"Life," as Stalin has truly said, "has become better, comrades, life is gayer." Yet life is still hard for many. Witness these concrete examples sent by readers to the newspapers: "I propose that the law include a paragraph about raising the output and improving the distribution of goods for children. At present, it is difficult to find rubber sheets, small bathtubs, and babies' cribs. The prices of these articles should be reduced." (A friend of mine recently paid 207 roubles for a metal bed for her baby. That may be a fortnight's salary.) "My boy has been walking around with torn shoes for two weeks because I have no time to stand in the queues. If, as the country grows more prosperous and the number of customers increases, and if a mother has not one but several children, how will she be able to purchase the necessary clothes for her family?" This from Tatiana Cherniak, a Kiev pharmacist: "A year from now there will be many more children in our country. But it is already difficult to obtain nipples, plaster, eye droppers, and the like. . . ."

In addition to the housing and goods shortages, there is the problem of education facilities. Nurseries and kindergartens are excellent as institutions, but far from perfect. They close sometimes on account of contagious diseases. Nor are there enough of them, even in Moscow. A woman wrote: "I am in charge of a day nursery. But conditions do not allow us to accept all children who apply." What can a working mother do in such a case? A mother states: "I have five children. If I sent only three to the kindergarten, that would be beyond my means. The law ought to reduce the charge for kindergarten care." The government does not supply school pupils with free text books. Every child of school age is an additional expense. The state is erecting hundreds of fine school buildings throughout the country. But in many cities, schools still have two shifts.

The Soviet Union has a tremendous number of births. Its annual excess of births over deaths is about three million—more than that of all the rest of Europe. Why do the authorities nevertheless wish to encourage more children? In the light of its great size, vast undeveloped resources, and tremendous material potentialities, the U.S.S.R. is an under-populated country. But if one considers its actual accommodations, its existing supplies of homes, goods, nurseries, schools, it is a terribly crowded country. Moreover, the rapid increases in these facilities have in past years, even with legal abortions, been partially cancelled out by the growth of population. What, then, prompted the Kremlin to introduce this anti-abortion, pro-large family law? And what will be its effect in a land in which other, less violent forms of birth control have been neglected by the people and by the authorities?

(Mr. Fischer's second article on the Soviet law prohibiting abortions will appear next week.)

Deporting Jesús

By PHILIP STEVENSON

ON June 29 Jesús was deported as an undesirable alien. Jesús Pallares is a skilled miner and an accomplished musician. He has spent twenty-three of his thirty-nine years in the United States. For nineteen years he worked here, supporting his family. Of the remaining four years, two in childhood were spent in school, the last two on relief. Born in the state of Chihuahua, Mexico, Jesús joined the Madero revolution at the age of fifteen, fought four years, and mustered out in 1915 with part of his lower jaw missing. He entered the United States legally and obtained work as a miner. As miners' standards went, Jesús did well. He was an exceptional worker. There never was a time when he could not get a job. On the whole he got along with his bosses. In 1923, during an unorganized strike at Dawson, New Mexico, when anarchists among the men wanted to blow up the tipple in answer to company violence, Jesús convinced them of the anti-labor effect of such tactics, and prevented catastrophe. Labor's best weapon, he contended, lay in solidarity of organization.

The onset of the depression, 1930, found him working for the Gallup-American Coal Company, a subsidiary of the Guggenheim giant, Kennecott Copper. In 1930 Gallup was unorganized. So when Jesús found himself being paid but irregularly for his prospecting work on a new entry, he kicked—as an individual—and like individual protestors in all depressed coal fields, was promptly fired.

Jobs were scarce now. For the first time Jesús was up against it to support his wife and four children. But after several months of unemployment he obtained work at Madrid, New Mexico. Madrid is typical of thousands of marginal and sub-marginal coal camps. The town is company-owned. The miners' homes are sagging, rotting shacks. Floors slant, roofs leak, plaster has fallen, doors lack panels, paint and kalsomine have peeled away. The shacks can hardly have cost $100 per room to build fifty years ago. Yet today they rent for about $60 per room per year. Miners live in company houses—"or else." Payment is chiefly in scrip, good only at the company store, and there is a company coal racket whereby miners who get

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about eighty cents a ton for loading coal are charged $3 a month for fuel winter *and summer*. The prices for powder and caps are exorbitant, and the miners are docked every month for an Employees Fund of which the company *steadfastly refuses to give any accounting.*

At first Jesús got by in Madrid. But as bad times got worse, his earnings shrank. The summer of 1933 brought wholesale layoffs and misery. The company, in order to nullify Section 7-a of the NIRA, established a company union. Jesús joined, only to discover that the union concerned itself with the boss's problems rather than the miners'. In Gallup the miners had defeated the company union, organized independently, gone on strike, and won substantial gains. So Madrid, too, sent for organizers.

But Madrid was tougher to organize than Gallup. The company was forewarned by the Gallup struggle. And the entire town, including the streets, were company property. Union organizers ran great risks in entering Madrid at all. Yet enter they did, thanks to Jesús and others who smuggled them in on the floors of cars, covered with blankets and bags of groceries. To this the company replied by spying on the union through its "lapdogs" (anti-unionists).

Jesús was elected local union organizer. But the union's demands remained a dead letter. Jesús and his aides decided to ask the aid of the federal government in enforcing Section 7-a. When the company prohibited all union meetings in Madrid, the unionists walked four miles to Cerrillos for meetings, passed resolutions, drew up petitions, framed protests, and sent them to the coal board, to General Johnson, to Senator Cutting, to the state Labor Commissioner. From the coal board came a promise of a hearing—if the miners would withhold their strike and wait. *And wait they did—weeks—and sent more telegrams—* and waited more weeks. Not until the tail-end of the busy season—February, 1934—did T. S. Hogan, chairman of the Denver District Coal Board, arrive in Madrid for an "impartial" hearing.

The affair was a farce. Jesús, attempting to present the case of his fellow union members, was repeatedly interrupted, not only by superintendent Oscar Huber and his faithful lapdogs, but also by government representative Hogan, who refused to recognize Jesús as the leader and spokesman of the majority. By patience and persistence, in spite of organized heckling, Jesús did manage to cover the question of the coal-code wage-scale, even forcing an admission from Huber that code rates were being violated. "Now about the house-rents," Jesús continued. But he got no further. At that point Huber asked for the floor, adroitly changed the subject, and that sorest of all points with the Madrid miners—house-rents—was never mentioned again!

Results of the Hogan hearing were zero. Grievances went unredressed. Union meetings continued to be prohibited. A new coal code went into effect, only to be violated even more flagrantly by the company. Plainly, the men must either strike or lie down. They struck—in the slack season. The strike failed. Jesús was marked for riddance.

Under the NRA he could not be fired for union activity. He finished work in his "room" in the mine and was assigned a new location. His eighteen years' experience told him that he could make at best sixty-seven cents a day here—and the mine was then working only one day a week—while his rent alone amounted to $3 per week. Yet the boss refused him any better location. Then a fellow worker offered to share his place with Jesús. It showed a good seam of coal, and both could make a living there. Jesús asked the superintendent's permission to accept this offer.

"No. Take the place assigned you, or none," Huber said.

The alternative was peonage—progressive indebtedness to the company. Jesús refused. His fifth child was expected shortly. His savings went for food. Arrears on his rent to the company piled up. He was told to vacate his house or be evicted. He stayed put. The child arrived. Asked by a fellow miner, "What is it, boy or girl?" Jesús replied:

"I think it's a bolshevik!"

Soon after the birth Jesús was charged with "forcible entry" of his house. The "court" was the company office, the justice of the peace a company employee. Superintendent Huber, furious that Jesús had made a public hearing necessary, clung like Shylock to his pound of flesh. Evicted, blacklisted as a miner, Jesús moved to Santa Fe and for the first time in his life went on relief. The family of seven lived in one room, on two cents per meal per person—the starvation standard still current in New Mexico's relief.

Jesús protested his eviction to NRA Compliance Director J. J. Dempsey—today a New Deal Congressman. Dempsey refused to act and passed the buck to Hogan of the coal board. Hogan did not even bother to reply. Jesús then appealed to the National Labor Board. Chairman Garrison wrote to Hogan urging him to act. Hogan disregarded even this. He never acknowledged Jesús's letters.

The native New Mexicans, a Spanish-speaking peasant people, had never been successfully organized. Yet they were half the population of the state. If organized in their own interest, instead of the interest of the railroads and mines, they could be a force to help themselves out of their 300-year-old bondage. At least they could end racial discrimination in relief. So in the fall of 1934 Jesús began organizing for the Liga Obrera de Habla Española (Spanish-speaking Workers League) which concerned itself specifically with the problems of the Spanish-American rank and file. In November there had been a few hundred members. By February, 1935, the Liga had grown to some 8,000. The politicos were frightened out of their wits. Jesús was elected organizer for the whole district, serving without pay and hitch-hiking to organize the most remote hamlets on his days off from FERA work.

In January the Democratic state legislature had hatched a criminal-syndicalism bill which would have made it a felony punishable by fourteen years' imprisonment to be seen in public with a copy of *The Nation* or any printed matter advocating "any change in industrial ownership." The bill passed the House with only two dissenting votes. Senator Juan Sedillo, opposition leader, had given up all hope of defeating it. The steering committee, itself a majority of the Senate, had unanimously recommended its passage. On the morning that it was to be passed, 700 members of the Liga Obrera, carrying placards of denunciation in two languages, swept past astonished police

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at the Capitol, filled the Senate galleries, and demanded the defeat of this fascist gag legislation. Senators took one look—and changed their votes. To the acute chagrin of its big-business sponsors, the bill was beaten.

This time Jesús had won the enmity not merely of one coal company but of the organized rulers of New Mexico. On April 23, 1935, he was arrested while at work on his FERA job and jailed on deportation charges. After three weeks' confinement, a secret hearing was held in an attempt to prove Jesús active in "communistic" organizations. N. D. Collear, federal immigration inspector, acted not only as an initiator, investigator, and prosecutor, but also as judge and jury, and even as court interpreter!

To the amazement of Jesús, he found his opening remarks at the Hogan hearing of the year before cited as "evidence" against him. Jesús had said: "We have been most patient. . . . Mr. Hogan, I hope you come here to bring us full justice, if justice exists for the workingman. If you cannot see that we get it, we shall find other ways of getting it for ourselves."

Obviously Jesús referred to the strike which had been postponed at Hogan's request. At the deportation hearing, it was offered as evidence of "communistic" activity!

Here is an item from the testimony of a Madrid lapdog:

> Q. Have you ever heard him make inflammatory speeches about the government?
>
> A. No, not exactly—he urges the Mexicans to fight for their rights.

On such trumpery charges Jesús was held for deportation under $1,000 bond pending a review of the case. The bond was promptly furnished, and Jesús was a "free" man —as free as a labor organizer can be in a vigilante-ridden state—as free as an alien can be who faces deportation and separation from his American-born children.

He continued his task of organizing the Liga Obrera so successfully that the rulers of New Mexico redoubled their efforts to be rid of him. After all, the government's case against Jesús was weak, involving only trade-union activity—a constitutionally guaranteed right. Could he not be provoked into open violence?

As a leader in the Liga Obrera, Jesús often accompanied delegations to the local relief office presenting cases of discrimination or deprivation. Recently, a worker in that office has disclosed in a sworn affidavit the methods employed against Jesús "in an effort to create reasons for his deportation." Says Esther Cohen, formerly of the New Mexico ERA:

> Attempts were made by my office to intimidate Pallares by withholding relief and by inventing reasons by which he could be removed from relief jobs which were the only types of employment open to him. He was repeatedly called into my office where threats were made to starve his family in order to involve him in an argument which the relief agency hoped would give rise to violence on his part, which in turn would give sufficient reason for a complaint to the Labor Department. Such violence never took place, even though situations were carefully prepared in advance such as the placing of a hammer on the supervisor's desk within his easy reach. Nevertheless a complaint was made to Washington on the vague and flimsy basis that Pallares was a "troublemaker."
>
> I gave Pallares's case history to Mr. Colyear [N. D. Collear], the immigration officer from Washington, who stated that he found no data therein which would incriminate Pallares to the extent of seriously considering deportation. He wondered if it would be possible to extract some information from Pallares himself by any means available which would further the plan to get him out of the way.
>
> Towards this end Pallares was once again called into the office and this time a stenographer was planted where he could not see her and Colyear was also listening behind the closed door where Pallares could not see him. Again threats were made to "starve out" his ailing pregnant wife and six American born children to whom he was passionately devoted, if he did not admit that he was interested in organizing his friends into an unemployed council. . . .

At the hearing on his case before the Labor Department's Board of Review last spring Jesús was represented by an attorney for the American Committee for the Protection of Foreign Born. Among the papers on file in the case two remarkable documents came to light, the existence of which had hitherto been kept secret.

The first was a letter to Secretary of Labor Perkins from Governor Clyde Tingley of New Mexico, urging that Jesús's deportation be "expedited" on the extraordinary grounds that the Liga Obrera was "the New Mexico branch of the Communist organization." But the Governor, fully aware of how preposterous this charge was, and how unethical his interference in a federal judicial question, had been cautious enough to mark his letter "Personal and Confidential."

The second document was a telegram to the Immigration Bureau in Washington, so *in*cautious as to be worth quoting in full:

> Having trouble with Jesus Pallares on strike in this county. I understand he is under bond on account of the strike at Gallup, New Mexico, where the sheriff of that county was killed last spring. He is an alien from Old Mexico. We must act at once to save trouble and maybe lives in this county.
>
> Francisco P. Delgado, Sheriff [of San Miguel County].

In four sentences the telegram managed to utter five deliberate falsehoods or innuendoes. 1. The sheriff's trouble was not with Jesús but with the strikers at the American Metals Company's mine at Terrero, New Mexico, who embarrassed him by their accurate shouts of "Scab!" 2. Jesús was not on strike—did not even live in the sheriff's county. 3. Jesús was under bond for deportation, not for strike activity in Gallup or elsewhere. 4. At the time of the death of Gallup's sheriff, Jesús was living 230 miles away in Santa Fe—was totally unconnected with the event. 5. The deportation of Jesús could not possibly save "trouble and maybe lives" so long as the sheriff insisted on breaking the strike by armed force and violence.

Curiously enough, two truths did creep into the sheriff's wire: first, that Jesús was indubitably "an alien from Old Mexico"; second that "we"—that is, New Mexico officials and the Bureau of Immigration—were acting in concert to railroad Jesús out of the country. And they have had their way. Jesús is deported.

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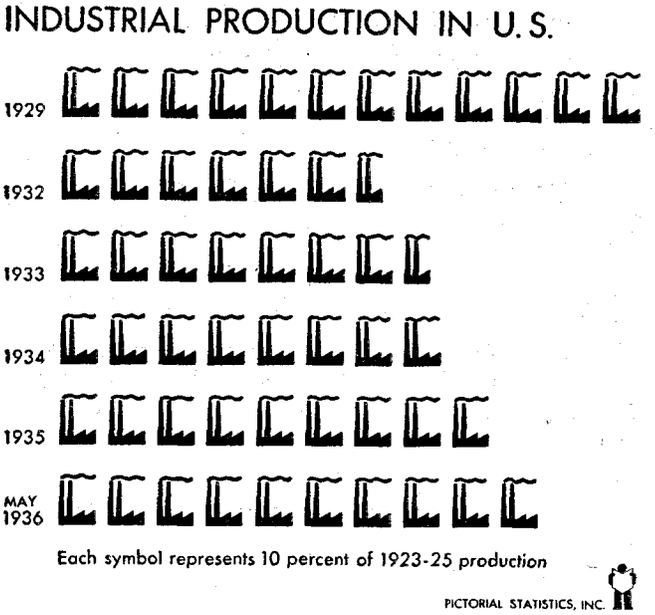
New Deal Recovery

By MAXWELL S. STEWART

DESPITE all that Governor Landon and the Liberty League may say between now and November, it is no longer possible to deny that Roosevelt's three years in office have been marked by a vigorous economic recovery. Even the most irreconcilable of the newspapers opposed to the New Deal bear testimony to its success on their financial pages. The recent contra-seasonal boom in the steel industry, accompanied by a substantial improvement in all lines of business activity, has carried the Federal Reserve Board's unadjusted index of production above the 1923-1925 average for the first time since early in 1930. At its present level the index is not only well above the 1930 average but is within five points of that of 1927. By May, industrial production had regained more than 70 per cent of its depression losses, consumer expenditures had recovered 61 per cent, farm income had come back 52 per cent, and department-store sales had rewon 54 per cent of their lost ground. While it may seem ironical to speak of recovery when more than 11,000,000 Americans are still walking the streets, the fact remains that 6,000,000 men have gone back to work since 1933, and 3,500,000 more have obtained emergency employment under New Deal agencies.

The average voter is not particularly concerned whether or not the Democratic Administration is responsible for these gains. He paid no heed to Hoover's plea in 1932 that the depression was due to world conditions, and he is unlikely to inquire too carefully into the causes of the upswing. Nevertheless, it is an issue on which conscientious citizens must pass judgment. And it is an issue which is unusually baffling because of the complexity of the forces operating within our economic system. The New Deal has never possessed a consistent economic policy. In the effort to stimulate recovery the Administration has experimented with almost every conceivable panacea from tariff reduction and government retrenchment to silver inflation and price fixing. Some of these experiments have been conspicuously successful and others little short of disastrous, but all have been in response to pressure from highly articulate economic groups. If there have been inconsistencies in the New Deal, they have been due to the fundamental divergence of interests among many of these groups.

Monetary Policy. The most urgent pressure on the Administration was to do something for prices. Farmers, businessmen, debtors, and property owners were in a mood to support any measure which promised to halt the relentless march of deflation. It was only natural, therefore, that a gold embargo should be one of President Roosevelt's first official acts. At the time this was believed to be merely an emergency measure, but subsequent events suggest that Mr. Roosevelt had already determined on monetary depreciation as the cornerstone of his recovery program. Unlike Great Britain, the United States was not forced off the gold standard by external pressure. Despite extensive losses in the months just previous to the bank holiday, the gold holdings of the Federal Reserve System on April 19, 1933—the day on which Secretary Woodin announced our departure from the gold standard—were the highest in history, except for a brief period preceding England's suspension of gold payments. But a good share of the American public had inherited a naive faith in monetary nostrums from the days of the Populist and William Jennings Bryan, and it was not interested in the effect of American policy on the outside world. It wanted higher prices, and a cheap dollar was the most obvious means to attain this end.



While the Administration has been unsuccessful in its effort to restore the 1926 price level, no responsible economist would deny that monetary policy has played an important role in stimulating the recovery process. Four years of deflation, with its drastic reduction of wages, prices, and profits, had brought business to a standstill. The abandonment of the gold standard, carrying with it the threat of inflation, induced an orgy of speculative buying which served as an immediate stimulus to the whole economic process. For the first time in years profits surged upward. Business men were able to dispose of their goods at a higher level of prices than that which prevailed when they purchased their raw materials, and were further aided by the fact that wages tended to lag behind advancing prices. Between March and July, 1933, the dollar declined nearly 30 per cent in gold value, wholesale prices rose 15 per

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cent, and business activity jumped nearly 60 per cent. By mid-July the prospects of immediate inflation began to dim, and the dollar recovered sharply, followed by an even sharper recession in production. With the beginning of September the NRA replaced monetary policy as the primary influence on business; but the devaluation of the dollar at the end of January, 1934, was followed by a second, though milder, boom which laid the basis for the present recovery movement.

As against these gains, the devaluation of the dollar destroyed the last hope of restoring a functioning world economy, aggravated the general trend toward economic nationalism and ultimate war, and laid the foundations, in excess reserves of nearly three billion dollars, for a catastrophic credit inflation.

The AAA. Of all the discontented groups in the country in the spring of 1933, farmers were unquestionably the most vocal. To them the depression was the final blow after years of hardship following the post-war collapse. Yet they had been hit more severely by the crisis than any other important group. Their gross cash income declined from twelve billions in 1929 to barely five in 1932, while their indebtedness remained practically unchanged. The subsequent rise in farm income to eight billion dollars in 1935 cannot be attributed entirely to the AAA. Export commodities like wheat and cotton were immediately responsive to changes in the value of the dollar, while the series of disastrous droughts in the West has eliminated the tremendous carryover which formerly depressed prices. But with due allowance for these factors, it cannot be denied that the restriction of production achieved through AAA policy, the bounties and government purchases of surplus stocks have at least temporarily contributed to saving the American farmer from bankruptcy.

In achieving this a series of complications have been introduced which make the permanent solution of the farm problem more difficult than ever. As a result of the artificial stimulation of American cotton prices, countries like India, Brazil, and China have found it profitable to expand their cotton production until they have taken over a large portion of our foreign market. For the Southeast, already under severe disadvantages in competition with the Southwest, this shift in world demand threatens to be catastrophic—especially for tenants and sharecroppers, who are the true marginal producers. Similarly, the United States appears to have lost the greater part of its once great market for wheat—thus reducing the producers of this basic commodity to a position of more or less permanent dependence on federal charity. Closely associated with this is the still unsolved problem of how to provide American consumers with sufficient purchasing power to absorb the great increase in agricultural production that is needed if the American people are to have an adequate diet.

The NRA. Most heralded and most controversial of all the Administration's recovery measures was the NRA. The National Industrial Recovery Act was essentially an attempt to compromise the demands of labor and business for government aid. It had three objectives: 1. To raise mass purchasing power by increasing wages in advance of prices. 2. To spread work by the shortening of the hours of labor. 3. To eliminate cut-throat competition by concealed price-fixing. The first of these objectives, which was the one most widely advertised, was attained only in a minority of instances. Although there can be no doubt that the codes raised the wages of some groups of workers by more than the increased cost of living, real wages of industrial workers as a whole were actually lower during the early months of the NRA than at the depth of the depression in 1932. Instead of wages rising in advance of prices, as was the theory behind the NRA, price-increases started before the NRA codes were adopted and more than offset the higher wages for most workers. At least a third of the employees of the country were exempt from the jurisdiction of the NRA, and these particularly suffered from the general price increases brought about by the codes.

Although the NRA never put back to work the 4,000,000 persons that General Johnson predicted in the early days of the Blue Eagle, it added about 1,750,000 to the industrial payrolls of the country. This was achieved by lowering the average work week of industrial employees by approximately 6 per cent. Since money wages tended to be increased rather than cut when hours were reduced, hourly wages for the working-class rose by approximately 10 per cent. Weekly earnings, on the other hand, increased only 3 or 4 per cent as compared with an 8 or 10 per cent rise in the cost of living. This left the real wages of the average worker about 5 or 6 per cent lower than before the codes were adopted—which was the price paid for sharing jobs with 1,750,000 newcomers. As far as the workers as a whole were concerned, therefore, the NRA turned out to be little more than a gigantic share-the-work movement, although certain of the most needy groups were undoubtedly benefited from the program. The American Federation of Labor is probably correct when it states that 839,000 workers have been deprived of jobs because of the lengthening of hours since the invalidation of the NRA, but even with these additional hours labor's income has just about kept pace with rising living costs. Out of fairness it should be added that this negative appraisal of the NRA takes no account of the undoubted stimulus to labor organizations obtained from section 7-a of the national recovery act.

It is almost impossible to say how much of the startling increase in business profits which occurred in 1933 and 1934 can be attributed to the NRA. The net income of all corporations operating at a profit showed a rise of 35 per cent in 1933, and 32 per cent in 1934. Excluding utilities and banks, the increase in 1934 over the previous year was 64 per cent. Since labor costs are dependent largely on *hourly wage rates,* one is probably safe in saying that business earnings did not rise as rapidly as they would have without the NRA, despite the advantage of price-fixing. This conclusion is borne out by a 42 per cent rise in profits in 1935 without the benefit of the codes and a more than 50 per cent increase in the first half of 1936. The fact that in two years of the NRA the business index never touched the pre-NRA level also raises serious doubts regarding the Blue Eagle's merit as a harbinger of recovery.

Government Works and Relief. Conservative critics of the New Deal have directed their attack chiefly on the

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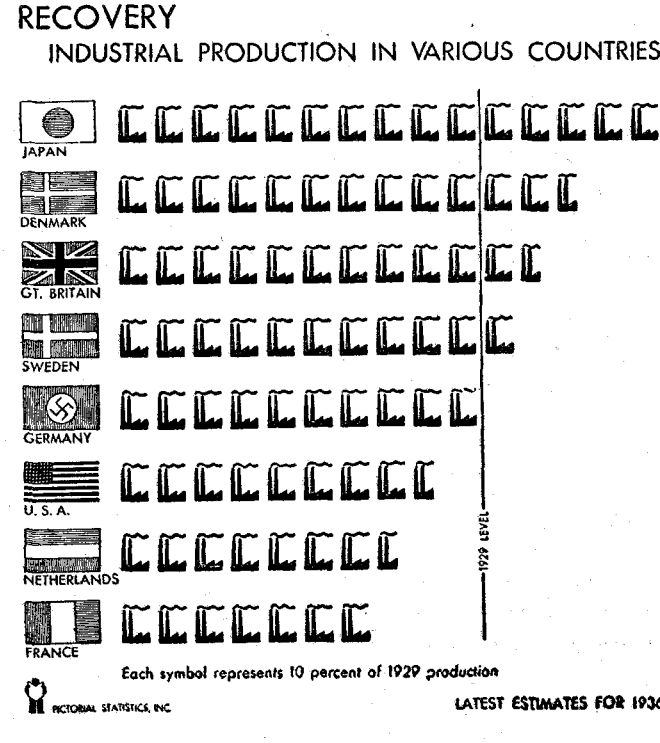
alleged extravagance of its relief and public-works programs. From the standpoint of efficiency, the record is indeed open to criticism. The Administration would have difficulty in showing a dollar-for-dollar increase in the material wealth of the United States to compensate for the eight billions appropriated for the various public-works programs. It has fallen down completely in the case of housing. Although vast housing projects were to have been the backbone of the recovery program, less than seventy millions were actually spent for this purpose in the first three years. And all the projects now under way will provide accommodations for only about 20,000 of the 15,000,000 families who are now living in homes which fail to come up to minimum housing standards. On other types of public works the Administration's record is only slightly better. We find, for example, that in April, 1936—after three years of the New Deal—only 265,000 persons were employed on PWA projects.

As far as the emergency was concerned it did not really matter whether the government obtained value received for every dollar it spent. What counted was whether the money was actually being distributed to the needy. Here the Administration's record is somewhat more satisfactory. The CWA, the FERA, and the WPA have varied considerably in different localities and under changing rulings, but they at least have served a useful purpose in providing aid for millions of needy families and in thus increasing consumer purchasing power at the point that it was most needed.

The Silver Program. Of all the New Deal policies, the silver-buying program is the most obvious illustration of the Administration's largesse to highly organized minorities. Under the guise of raising the purchasing power of the vast populations of India and China and of strengthening monetary reserves, Congress passed a bill on June 19, 1934, authorizing the Treasury to purchase silver on the world market at a price not to exceed $1.29 an ounce. Subsequently, the United States launched an aggressive buying policy which ran the world price up to eighty-one cents an ounce from the twenty-six-cent level which had prevailed early in 1933. Thereupon Mexico was forced to abandon the silver standard, and various South American countries and China took measures to prevent the export of silver. Frightened by the disastrous effect of its policy abroad, the Treasury curtailed its purchases and the price collapsed, leaving the United States holding the bag with hundreds of millions of ounces of silver purchased at higher levels. Even today the government is paying seventy-seven and one-half cents an ounce for domestic silver which is worth forty-five cents on the world market. And owing to large gold imports in the past year, the Treasury is farther from its avowed objective of maintaining a quarter of its reserves in silver than it was before the program was launched.

Tariff Policy. The Administration's tariff policy is particularly significant in that it represents a direct reversal of the policies of the preceding Republican administrations. It places the interests of consumers, exporters, and farmers ahead of the highly organized industrial interests. It is also important as the one phase of New Deal policy that is not avowedly nationalistic in its conception. Unfortunately, only a handful of reciprocal agreements have been concluded under the new program, and most of these have been in effect such a short time that it is difficult to pass judgment regarding their value. Where preliminary figures are available, there has been in each instance at least a slight gain in both imports and exports. The rise in imports has been particularly impressive and important as a means of correcting our top-heavy trade balance, but it is difficult to say how much of this increase may be attributed to the drought, how much to general economic recovery, and how much to the reduction in duties under the various trade agreements. Nevertheless, the new policy has aided in halting the pell-mell stampede toward economic nationalism. It has also served a useful purpose in removing tariff action from the realm of Congressional log-rolling and substituting more scientific means of determining tariff rates through administrative agencies. These gains were largely offset, however, when the Administration ignored the recommendations of the Tariff Commission and invoked new trade restrictions on imports from Germany and Japan under the anti-dumping provisions of the Smoot-Hawley tariff.

The conflict between immediate domestic pressures and the conditions for a stabilized economy has been apparent in all phases of New Deal policy. In 1933 the President was faced with a choice between attempting to restore the international economic system with its self-regulating mechanism and creating a national economy in which the old controls—that is, gold and capital movements—were no longer operative. The old system had broken down, partly because of the unwillingness of the United States to assume the responsibilities of a creditor nation, and partly because mass purchasing power failed to keep pace with production. In rejecting monetary stabilization at the Lon-



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don Conference, Mr. Roosevelt cut loose from the traditional system and embarked on the uncharted sea of national economic organization. Having turned aside from financial orthodoxy, it was not particularly difficult to find means for temporarily stimulating buying power. The question is whether in tampering with the balance wheel which the gold standard offered he has not created a series of new problems more difficult than the old. Devaluation has increased the deflationary pressure on the gold countries and is directly responsible for our huge immobilized gold stocks with their tremendous inflationary possibilities. The AAA has wiped out a large part of the foreign market for our chief agricultural commodities; and the Administration's relief and work programs have left us a heritage of debt as a burden on production.

Meanwhile, the New Deal has done nothing to correct the inequality of wealth which has created our present insecurity. With the self-adjusting mechanism of the old system gone, economic stability can only be achieved by regulating the stream of mass purchasing power so as to prevent the accumulation of surpluses. The Social Security Act is a gesture in this direction, but its benefits are so limited, the period of payment so brief, and the coverage so inadequate that it falls far short of the need. To assure an uninterrupted flow of real income to the masses of the population, the funds for social security and relief purposes must obviously be drawn from groups who otherwise would not utilize their full income for living purposes. This the New Deal has ignored for very obvious political reasons.

The Democratic platform might have been more restrained in claiming credit for the upturn of the past few years if the voters as a whole were more familiar with the recovery record in other countries, many of which have pursued policies diametrically opposed to the New Deal. When we congratulate ourselves that the American index of business activity has climbed to within 15 per cent of the 1929 level, we forget that Great Britain is 15 per cent above that level; and that despite the severe crisis of 1930-1931, Japanese industry is 50 per cent over the 1929 average. Sweden's industry is also 10 per cent more active than seven years ago, while Denmark has gained 25 per cent. France, the Netherlands, and Poland, on the other hand, are still 20-25 per cent below normal. Generalizations are notoriously dangerous, but it is impossible to avoid noticing that all of the countries which have progressed beyond the 1929 standard have depreciated currencies and that the countries which have clung to gold are still in the throes of depression. Except for Belgium and Czecho-Slovakia, the United States has the poorest record of any country with a devalued currency. While it would not be wise to push the point too far, the inference is that apart from devaluation the New Deal policies have been of very dubious value. Possibly a reservation should be made regarding public-works expenditures, since Sweden and Germany, as well as the United States, have apparently been benefited by large-scale government spending. But apart from these temporary and necessarily limited devices, there is no evidence that the alphabetical magic of the New Deal has solved the basic problems of capitalism.

Election Forecasts

By Al Graham

(*Mr. Graham was sent by* The Nation *to interview a group of political experts on the prospects of the election. In presenting their views we want to make clear that they are not necessarily our own.* Editors The Nation.)

Senator Consomme: Landon will be defeated by at least a billion votes. Don't ask me how I arrived at this figure. All I know is that if it isn't a billion these days, it isn't a figure.

Congressman Beige: Landon will carry the East, sweep the West, surprise the South, and give Coney Island something to think about. You know the old adage: "As goes Coney Island, so goes Luna Park."

Former Mayor McPlump: The Yankees can't lose. With boys like LaMaggio, DeGehrig, and O'Gomez they can't lose. Incidentally, who are they playing?

Former Mayor Whither: Go away and let me wilt, singing willow, tit-willow, tit-wilt.

Circean J. Debacle, Radio Commenator: I favor Landon over Knox, Martin Van Buren over James K. Polk, and Moon over Miami. B-U-L-O-V-A Hamilton Watch Time Marches ON!

Congressman Peachy: Home is where the heart is. Every cloud has a silver lining. As ye sow, so shall ye reap. Politics makes strange bedfellows. Seven, come eleven!

E. J. Mayhap, Economist: I predict a {victory / defeat} for the {Landon / Roosevelt} forces, with {Knox / Garner} winning the Vice-Presidency. Vote for one.

E. J. Lucid, Statistician: Kansas, with a Republican majority of .078 in the last straw vote, will probably go to Hoover and Dawes. Missouri, according to the *Literary Digest* poll, should elect Funk & Wagnalls. That leaves Vermont as the only doubtful state, with 000 omitted.

E. J. Pellicle, Political Analyst: Of course, the Democratic platform includes a mean average rainfall plank; but this is offset by the Republican plank providing for a daily high and low tide. If the third party expects to get anywhere, it can't overlook the platform possibilities of the much-maligned ring around the moon.

Ex-Senator Dissonance: The only thing the New Deal Has given us is a game called "What's This?" By the way, what's *this?*

Ex-Congressman Handies: What this country needs is a New Deal with teeth in it. Something that could be sung to the tune of "O Susanna, don't chew pine for me; I'm off for Alabama with bicuspids on my knee."

Ex-Congressman Footies: Or how about a song called "Three false fangs! See how they bite! See how they bite!"

Ex-Congressman Grease: Slogans, bah! Songs, phooey! Mud will win the war! It's good to the last sling!

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE tragedy of Geneva is really beyond describing. But this much is clear: If the League perishes the responsibility rests squarely with the men, miscalled statesmen, who have ruled England and France. I have carefully read Eden's and Baldwin's speeches announcing the great surrender. They have left me totally unconvinced. Baldwin bravely says that he does not care if others beside Lloyd George call him a miserable coward; he prefers that to war. Both men say England has no reason to be ashamed. It gave a lead to the League, but it did not dominate it or dictate to it. They are certain that sanctions could not have been better enforced or Ethiopia restored without war for which they admit England was not prepared and nobody desired. It is quite too bad that the Italian armies succeeded so amazingly quickly, but that was not the fault of the League. So sanctions are called off and Mussolini is given the victory and let us now plan how to strengthen the League—probably by doing away with the very power to declare and enforce sanctions!

To Haile Selassie's noble, eloquent, and touching appeal for aid and justice no answer is given because none could be. His statements cannot be controverted nor the complete justice to his cause denied. If he and his people have been outraged, robbed, abandoned, and dispossessed, why let us forget all about them. Better luck next time. Let's see if we cannot patch up some device which will work another day, even if the chief backers of sanctions are then as hypocritical, as cowardly, and as stupid as those of France and England this time. So the robber and rapist, the violator of treaties, the murderer of men, women, and children by poison gas, goes scot free. It is even decided to dodge the question of recognizing the crime as an accepted fact and of its validation by diplomatic recognition. I submit that nothing more shocking can be found in the annals of modern history. One dictator is allowed to defy and defeat not only the League, which had given him a careful trial, heard all the evidence, and found him guilty on every count, but the public opinion of the world. What can we say to youth in the face of this? Can we assert that the world is ruled by a benign Providence or that the present rulers of the great nations involved are worthy of anything else than utter contempt? Certainly we cannot deny that the worst offenders are the successors of Gladstone, who put the moral weight of England on the side of the Armenians, and Campbell-Bannerman, who dared to defy public opinion by his opposition to the Boer War waged by his own country.

For the first time in the memory of man we have seen English statesmen tremblingly hoist the white flag because of the threat of a nation running amok. Then, I hear it said, you wanted war? Of course not. My opposition to all war is unshakable as long as breath remains to me. I wanted no battleships sent to the Mediterranean. I agree with my friend, Lord Ponsonby, who in a recent admirable speech in the House of Lords said: "Every man, ship, aeroplane, tank, or bomb that you add and that you spend your treasures upon is bringing you nearer the tragedy of war. I say that, not only of this country, but of every country." It was a fatal mistake to send England's mightiest battleships to the Mediterranean. It provoked Mussolini to threaten war; it might easily, as everybody admits, have caused war. Baldwin and Eden insist now that the English were not ready for war and did not desire war in any case. Then, why, in God's name, did they court it? Nothing could illustrate more clearly the crass stupidity of the Baldwin government. Is it responsible statesmanship to send your ships to the Mediterranean to be ready for war or provoke it when your country will not fight?

Any responsible statesman embarking upon the sanctions policy would have weighed the consequences, would have considered in advance every possible contingency, including the speedy military victory of Italy, and would have thought out what would take place in that event. But, says Baldwin, all the military men assured us that that could not happen. Possibly they did in London—but not in Berlin. There the officers especially assigned to follow the Italian campaign pronounced it admirably planned and certain to succeed promptly. The excuse is only an indictment when one considers the horrible blunders of the British brass hats during the World War. It was Baldwin's and Eden's duty to be ready to face just such an event or not go in for sanctions at all. Yet these are the men who tell England that now she must prepare for war as never before!

What was needed was a resolute determination to impose no sanctions unless oil and other raw materials were included and then to follow up this move by the withdrawal of all ambassadors and consuls from Italy and all foreigners residing there save those wishing to remain at their own peril. Still other peaceful boycott measures were available. But the determination to *win* was not in the hearts of the British or French leaders. They should never have tried the new weapon of sanctions unless they were sure of themselves and their program. They hoped that it would not explode in their hands. It did and it has blown English prestige sky high, and perhaps destroyed the new peace machinery as well. Never has Britain's national stock stood so low; never has its empire been in such danger of collapsing. But the most horrible thing about it remains that the very measures Baldwin is taking to prevent war are certain to bring those airplanes over London of which he admits—for Hitler's information—he is deathly afraid.

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BROUN'S PAGE

ELISHA HANSON, who is very largely neglecting his utility practice these days in order to defend the freedom of the press, made an interesting address last week at the Bucknell University Summer School in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. Mr. Hanson is general counsel for the American Newspaper Publishers' Association. He is an extremely able lawyer and lobbyist and palpably devoted to the cause of the clients whom he serves. They in return are devoted to Elisha, and in recent years he expresses even more closely than Walter Lippmann the point of view of the newspaper owners of America. Besides, Mr. Lippmann is on a vacation. When the freedom of the press seems at stake Mr. Hanson never sleeps, or if he naps he keeps his boots on and hangs his pants beside the bed.

Right now Mr. Hanson spies a new danger which he calls "propaganda." According to the lawyer it was practically unknown until George Creel was put at the head of the Committee on Public Information during the war. But now Elisha Hanson sees it sneaking up on unwary publishers from all sides, trying to slip into the news columns material which should have been carried around to the counting house and paid for at the usual advertising rates. He included among the groups which would take advantage of newspaper generosity in this matter, "business, trade unionism, farmer pressure organizations, social workers, religious workers, women's clubs, political parties, and the agencies of the New Deal."

To some extent I agree with Mr. Hanson. For instance, I have never cared much for the religious pages in American newspapers. I have seen long extracts printed from sermons which most certainly were not news. I am again in agreement about "women's clubs." Indeed I think Mr. Hanson might well have gone much further in this respect. A very heavy percentage of the material printed under the head, "Society," is pure puffery. There are even papers where "Society" is made up wholly of those near and dear to the advertisers. But, on the other hand, I think Mr. Hanson is wrong in citing the labor movement as something which has no right of access to the newspapers save through the purchase of advertising space. To be sure, he has not elaborated his position and I am not quite certain where he would draw his line. I cannot help suspecting that Elisha Hanson and others interested in newspaper prosperity have been thinking over the recent venture of the Steel Institute into national advertising. The sum spent for the full page advertisements in more than three hundred papers has been estimated as running anywhere from a quarter to a half million dollars. As advertising campaigns go this is mere small change, but it is one of the largest handouts I have ever known in the American newspaper business where no sale of a product was even indirectly concerned.

In explaining his position in the matter of news and advertising Mr. Hanson is quoted in the *Herald Tribune* as saying, "Each one of these groups is constantly trying to get its message across to the public. Each of them would, if it could, get that message across through the newspapers of this country. No one of them is content to sell its propaganda through the advertising columns of the newspapers. Rather all prefer the less expensive and more effective method of getting their messages into the news columns themselves."

But I am still curious to know just what Mr. Hanson's definition may be as to what is news and what is propaganda. Eugene Grace of the Steel Institute and John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers of America vary in their idea as to the proper method of organizing the workers in the steel industry. Are their views on this matter news or not? Does each side get one bite and then no more? To some extent the Steel Institute has admitted the validity of the Newspaper Publishers' position as expressed by Elisha Hanson. It has already spent several hundreds of thousands of dollars to state its case in the advertising columns. But is this a wholly satisfactory or even fair method? The United Mine Workers constitute a powerful union with a large reserve fund in their treasury, but they can hardly afford to match dollar for dollar with the five-billion-dollar organization such as the Steel Institute.

And taking the problem into other channels, would Mr. Hanson think that a union of share-croppers should remain unmentioned in the American newspapers unless it goes out and buys advertising space? And how about a union of reporters? As a matter of fact, a few papers have given a good deal of space to the guild in their news columns. In New York the *Times* and the *Evening Post* have been conspicuously fair. No matter what the story, the *Sun* seldom goes beyond referring to "a newspaper organization" and it very rarely goes that far. In New York the Hearst press does not mention the guild. The *Times* carried two and a half columns on a story about the National Labor Relations Board and the Associated Press when the decision was rendered that Morris Watson had been discharged on account of guild activity. The *Sun* carried nothing. One of them must be wrong.

American publishers and editors have a delicate problem on their hands. It has been the custom to take money from John Doe, the Democratic candidate for Governor, and let him praise himself in advertising space plainly labeled as such. Naturally it has been the custom to take money from Richard Roe, the Republican candidate, on precisely the same basis. But the editors and publishers will have to draw a line somewhere. The Steel Institute can buy a full page advertisement for one issue. But suppose it wants to buy a page a day for an entire year? Wouldn't anybody feel that this was decidedly unfair whether the space was paid for or not? HEYWOOD BROUN

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

SOVIET ART—A LETTER FROM TIFLIS

BY EMMA L. DAVIS

Tiflis, U. S. S. R.

IT IS a year now since I came to Soviet Russia to see how the plastic arts were being developed under socialism, how the artists organize, and what helpful things might be learned and brought back to our own artists. The plain truth is that over here I have seen more to be avoided than followed in the arts. Graphic work excepted—I shall speak of that later—the general level of painting and sculpture is appalling: muddy-colored illustrations and smeary, soggy plaster busts. A few people are "not bad," but this to me is even more dreary. The only exception I saw to this rule was the work of the sculptor Dmitri Tsaplin, but he is so entirely an individual, a harsh and earnest shaper of stone, that he proves nothing about the tendencies affecting lesser people.

Why, with every advantage of work, freedom of subject, and official patronage, does the Russian artist produce bad work? I believe it is because he falls between two stools: between what he is and was trained to be, and the amazing, sprouting life of which he is supposed to be the interpreter. In a nutshell, the Russian artist is a petit bourgeois from a stodgy academy, while Soviet life—the realest and best of it—is socialist.

The Soviet Union is an astonishing hodge-podge of the old and the new: superstition, invention, shopkeeper fearfulness, frontier bravado, solid merit, and worthless junk. All are to be found in any country, quieter, beneath. But here all are in the limelight. I landed in Moscow in the middle of the upheaval, with few letters of introduction and not many more words of Russian. The first item on my program was to find a—or the—artists' organization. And right here I discovered a grave shortcoming of the average Russian—no one could tell us who or where the artists were. Unfortunately the three slogans of the populace still are "Never mind," "Tomorrow," and "I don't know." Two weeks of stalking finally revealed a Society of Revolutionary (it ought to be written Reactionary) Artists.

I took my membership card from the New York Artists' Union, photographs of my work, and a letter from the Soviet Embassy in Washington, and feeling well armed, stormed the place. The only people about were a critic named Dourous, and a smug fellow with bedroom eyes. They were very polite and enthusiastic and evasive. I took their persiflage in earnest, partly because I understood Russian so little, partly because I was green and thought that all the professed Communists over here were the real thing. After a second and a third visit, when not one question had been answered, I lost patience. These were precisely the sort of people I had left New York to get away from—bourgeois hangers-on of the arts, if anything a bit worse than the domestic product because they substituted for positive bad qualities the negative ones of evasiveness and fearfulness.

They were afraid of me because I had not come with letters from American revolutionary organizations: a thing I could not then have sincerely managed as I did not know what my beliefs were on the subject. Let me say here that fear of this sort, so typical of the Russian bourgeois (though he may even belong to the party) is never found in the class-conscious worker, who is eager, direct, and conscious of freedom.

I tried another tack. A new friend introduced me to a well-known painter who managed to jockey me into an art organization—with difficulty, for I was "modern" and the Soviet Union is still in antimacassars. My heart sank when I saw the sort of things they liked—Sunday School trophies and Civil War memorials. There was a potter in the crowd who made vases and ash trays covered with a brown glaze with a purple glint in it—was it meant for a copper luster?—and with metallic blisters on the shoulders. He was clapped on the back and called a great master. They all drank much tea and ate many expensive cakes and talked inexhaustibly. There was not a craftsman as far as the eye could reach.

However, they gave me a visa and a contract and I tried it for a month. They did not like the piece I made for them. I cannot blame them much. I decided to get away from the whole second-hand-Paris, thirty-years-ago atmosphere; so I signed up on the Metrostroy, the Moscow subway, as an ordinary laborer. This was different and real, and I caught at least a glimpse of the *good* thing that is being done with people here.

To go back to the arts, things are quite as bad here in Tiflis. There is no taste, there is no standard, and junk is the order of the day. Nervous bourgeois gentlemen, quaking lest they do the wrong thing politically, sit in offices such as that of the Art Kombinat, in a helpless turmoil of telephone calls, questions, requests, expostulations, and delayed pay rolls, unable to do anything but roll up their eyes, shrug their shoulders, turn out their palms, and say "Tomorrow." They will all slide to hell on tomorrow.

Meanwhile the shop in front of this madhouse sells a naive but willing public statuettes of pioneers painted with metallic colors, ash-trays with puppies eating from them, clay pots painted in oil colors by a lady artist with crude imitations of Greek and Egyptian patterns, and a whole window full of cheap jimcracks.

Not long after I wrote this last paragraph I was in the corner Gastronom, or grocery store, where I saw something very fine—simply a stack of goods on display—tins

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of egg plant with labels of brownish paper, irregularly bricked up with round blue and white cartons of Gruyére cheese. On top of the column was a white glazed jug of liqueur. It was a first class still life; it had color and variety of form, and the textures were admirable. It was right in the day's work, too.

Posters are also excellent. In the Chamber of Commerce in Moscow you can see truer and technically far better pictures of the life and feeling of the country than in the Tretyakoff Gallery, which has served Russia as a receiving vault for all the second-rate illustration since the last of the Ikons.

Another field of excellence is graphic work, book illustrations, and jackets. The Russians make wood blocks as delicate as seals, but with fine, solid spacing of the black and white. Very imaginative. Equally fine are drawings in pencil and litho. It does not much matter what they use; the ideas and the material employed to convey them spin out together as simply and rightly as yarn from a hank of fleece. There is talent aplenty here. What becomes of it when it tries its hand at Art with the big A?

The fault would seem to lie with bad personnel and tradition. When the shade of la Rive Gauche has been laid to rest with all the little painters who admired Bastien Lepage, when living conditions are fuller and more secure, and when propaganda is no longer defensive, then a new tide may be expected to rise and swamp the academies—a tide of the people, strong, sincere, and fresh. I think of it whenever I hear the soldiers singing as they clump through the streets. A chantey man sings out the verse and then the three-part chorus crashes in. The peculiarly Russian harmonies suddenly widen and narrow. The tenor voice comes out alone for a second in a queer, wild curl, and then the other parts lift under it at a full yell. Let people who feel that be trained in the other arts, with an experimental point of view, with sound workmanship, and they can do anything—at least in the Soviet Union, where the artist is not laughed at or wondered at but made use of.

BOOKS

Men of Good Will: Volume V.

THE EARTH TREMBLES. By Jules Romains. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

ALMOST everybody who has read what M. Romains has so far published of his "Men of Good Will" is agreed that it is an important undertaking, but there is less agreement as to just how important it is, or in just what its chief importance lies. Naturally, since the work is but half-complete, all judgments are provisional, but by now some of the questions we have raised are beginning to be answered. We have caught the measure of M. Romains's ability; we have roughly grasped the tempo and proportions of the work; we have a pretty good notion of his fictional and historical intentions. But concerning the most important thing of all, his philosophic intentions, his point of view, we are still in the dark; and until we know, we cannot hope to interpret and evaluate "Men of Good Will" with any assurance of being relevant, let alone being right. I for one should not like to guess as to precisely what Romains is trying to say or, faced by so many characters and incidents, through whom and what he is principally trying to say it.

Nevertheless, one has by now begun to take M. Romains's virtues, simply as a novelist, for granted—to count on him to provide us with lifelike characters, sound motivations, dramatic scenes, convincing crises—and to concentrate our attention on Romains the social historian. We cannot help knowing, at least, that he is writing a work whose prime importance is its social importance, whose people have come to signify society in the modern world, and whose dependence upon factual reality is quite as great as its dependence upon the impetus of art. The skeleton for clothing "Men of Good Will" is not the familar literary "notebook" of Flaubert or Henry James or Gide—though of course the foreplanning of a work like this must have been prodigious—but the French equivalent of something so factual and journalistic as Mark Sullivan's "Our Times." We are working with a novelist who must, if he wants to produce a living and revealing whole, remember things perhaps even oftener than he invents them. For he is striving creatively within an orbit of already created things; he is bringing his artistic determination to bear against what, socially speaking, history has already determined.

All the emphasis, for me at least, in this fifth American volume of the work, falls not on the personal but on the social and historical side of the picture: the railway strike of 1910, the maneuvering of armament makers, the formation and fall of cabinets, the impact of Left sentiment, the experience of undercover political workers, the details of Franco-German diplomacy, the imminence of war. We have thus penetrated into the main stream of the period, we are among people who are *consciously* playing their part in history-making. What we are given of their private lives is considerable and all to the good; but it comes second. It has the value of keeping us in the fluid human world which the novel, if it is to be a valid novel, is obligated to portray; and it has the further and, in this case perhaps, greater value of contrasting the world of the fireside, with its emotions and sensibilities and unique adventures, with the world of affairs, so pat, so shabby and, despite all the power it has to determine men's fates, so shallow.

Where all this will lead, what it will add up to, is of the greatest interest. It would seem to be leading us to see by what misdirections and mistakes capitalist civilization has hastened its collapse: it may even make us see that by whatever route it traveled, capitalist civilization was doomed to collapse. On the other hand M. Romains may do no more than sum up impartially all the thinking and action, all the points of view, proceeding out of modern life in France, and leave us, map in hand, to draw our own conclusions. That is all, so far, that he has given definite evidence of doing. That has been enough, of course, to prove his familiarity with all shades of thought, all ways of life, in pre-war France, and to express them with intelligence and irony.

Artistically, I doubt whether we shall be able to judge "Men of Good Will," when it is complete, as we have judged the novel, even the long novel, even the Proustian novel, in the past. It already constitutes, by the old standards, an impure esthetic experience. It is so cross-sectional, so expansive, so centrifugal in method as to violate the spirit of the novel as one of the time-arts. We feel more strongly that we are cutting across something than that we are going somewhere. And so we feel that Romains, for all his gifts of observation, invention, verisimilitude, psychological insight, is preparing for us a great document rather than a great novel. To date

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"Men of Good Will" is too expert, too *clever* for "art," but it is thoroughly in keeping with a minute investigation of the social fabric. Though he works on a scale which will always be rare with writers, Romains is possibly the first to show us the implications of the social fiction of the future—where the creative impulse as we conceive it will only rewrite the realities of history, instead of using them as starting points or points of departure. LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Without Benefit of Politics

TRUTH AND REALITY, A LIFE HISTORY OF THE HUMAN WILL. By Otto Rank. Authorized translation from the German, with a preface, by Dr. Jessie Taft. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

WILL THERAPY, AN ANALYSIS OF THE THERAPEUTIC PROCESS IN TERMS OF RELATIONSHIP. Authorized translation from the German, with a preface and introduction, by Dr. Jessie Taft. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

ONE can with much "truth" view life as a race, a fight, a ship setting sail, a business enterprise, a search for solace (man as valetudinarian), a nightmare ("fitful fever"), a recruiting of one's band, a building of a house, the paying of debts, and so on. One may consider it, with the churchmen, as a "preparation." Or one may prefer Goethe's secularized equivalent of preparation—with man having the vocation of eternal student, passing from apprenticeship to journeymanship, and incorporating the ideal end in the name chosen for his artistic identity, "Will Master."

Thus, one must also admit into the pantheon of metaphors Dr. Otto Rank's apparent preference for looking upon life as an endless dying and being born. Particularly in an era like ours, beset by conditions of crisis, we may note the relevance of a perspective shaped by an emphasis upon the "trauma of birth." On every side one picks up books wherein one finds authors symbolically slaying some portion of the self. Some men would even revise their family trees, treating their actual forbears as bar sinister and putting an ideal ancestry in their stead. After Byron, there have been many forms of symbolic regicide, as old authorities are deposed for new. Gide seems to identify his deepest sympathies with the role of bastard. Even those who talk of "evolution" are stressing the state of emergence, the process of "struggling to be born," though they mitigate the emphasis of those who talk of "revolution," a more dramatic and traumatic form of birth (the "r" being added to indicate the growl of the class struggle).

But though one must salute the relevance of Dr. Rank's key metaphor, one may not be so happy with the use he has made of it. Unless the reader is willing, as he reads, to supply supplementary material of his own, the contents may seem to him as remote as some primitive creation myth or as the weirdly fanciful structures of a Plotinus. Redemption, guilt, death, God, separation—the overtones of the vocabulary are almost those of the funeral oration. And one cannot help feeling that much of the anguish with which the author deals derives from that luxurious form of unemployment we call leisure.

It is my impression that the word "politics" does not occur once in these many hundred pages. In fact, there is not even an oblique handling of mass phenomena in any form, be it only a crowd at a football game. Dr. Rank completes the individualistic emphasis. His "analysis of the therapeutic process in terms of relationship" is focused within the limits of a private interchange between patient and doctor. The curative power of collective manifestations is given honorable mention, but no technique is offered whereby the private therapeutic situation shades into relationships outside the study. The infant seems to profit by a kind of "tapering off" whereby the change from a completely gratifying existence to an existence with resistances, is gradual. But Dr. Rank offers no "bridge" from the study to life except the upbuilding of the patient's "will." Is it possible that he should be analyzed for the presence of unconscious cruelty in the way he dwells upon the thought of shoving the patient from the therapeutic nest, as though he resented the function of therapy-motherhood the patient-child had forced upon him? Freud, sturdy patriarch, wanted to retain his authority over his patients, in the form of the ideology he gave them. This may explain the fact that his disciples so often think of themselves as "splitting off" from him, rather than as carrying on the torch. But in any case, I think that Dr. Rank underrates the Freudian emphasis in this respect. To give a man a philosophy is to make him obedient and independent both, since he can respond to its authority even while manipulating it in ways peculiar to himself.

Dr. Rank devotes many pages to an explanation of the differences between his approach and that of Freud. In the course of doing so, he unintentionally discloses at least that Freud is the superior as a dramatist, and dramatics is by no means an unimportant aspect of cure. But whatever the reader may think of Rank's additions and revisions, there is a point of view that can make them look very much alike. Thus, after condemning Freud for his great stress upon the "infantile," Dr. Rank finally settles down to handling everything in terms of "birth trauma." For a time he proposes to avoid this by centering his attention upon the artist, which is certainly a more adult emphasis. But even when approaching human relationships with the metaphor of the artist in the foreground, he typically stresses the individualistically "creative" aspect of the artist to the neglect of the collectivistically "communicative" aspect. And eventually the artist is found to have dropped away, and the "birth trauma" becomes the focus of attention.

Freud's and Rank's emphasis seem equally "infantile" in the sense that they consider human relationships in terms of non-political or pre-political coordinates (quite as the child himself does). Both lack the Aristotelian emphasis upon the *forensic* that must figure largely in our dealings with contemporary reality (and that Dr. Rank himself might have come upon, had he persisted in his approach through art). Both lack even the Church's emphasis upon *institutions* (in incipiently political form) that identify us as members of corporate units. Both deal with psychological forms at too great remove from the economic and vocational realities.

It seems that, where Dr. Rank's system of therapy succeeds, it succeeds because it is simply one more way of doing what successful therapies have always done—i.e., it gives the patient an attitude, filled out with documentary substance, that enables him to be humble and self-reliant simultaneously. The question is whether the substance, as presented exclusively in infantile, pre-political, non-forensic, non-economic material, is sufficient to enable us to encompass our full contemporary situation with accuracy. Somewhat inclining toward Freudian patriarchalism, I like to think that a philosophy ("ideology") equips a man by giving him both a father-authority and an instrument for him to use with independence. But psychoanalysis must face another birth trauma, so modifying its identity as integrally to encompass economic and forensic thought. The Marxist challenge suggests that it does not encompass enough—hence the man who takes this philosophy as his father-principle may be like the man of whom it was said that he had a dumb pap. KENNETH BURKE

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Essays at Random

ESSAYS IN APPRECIATION. By John Livingston Lowes. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

UNDER a title pleasantly reminiscent of Pater, the author of the incomparable "Road to Xanadu" gives us six long papers on subjects ranging from the Bible to Amy Lowell. The range itself is not more remarkable than the inclusion, as the very meat of the sandwich, of two essays dealing with the poetry of Hardy and of Meredith. It is rare enough in these days to find a reader of Meredith. When found, he turns out as often as not to have read "Richard Feverel" in college and "The Egoist" on a steamer. Mr. Lowes is a discriminating devotee and his ever-nuanced and familiarly roaming remarks contain two excellent points. He stresses the vigor, luminosity, and accuracy of Meredith's "reading of earth," and by extending this happy title phrase borrowed from Meredith himself he contrasts these qualities with those of Hardy's verse—a no less accurate but a much less sunlit and buoyant view of Nature. At the end of his book, Mr. Lowes comes back to the charge and demonstrates, by reprinting in verse form short prose passages from the novels, that Meredith is an unacknowledged imagist. Students of Harrison Ross Steeves will recall his own reading of Meredithian prose after that of a Walt Whitman poem to show the just value of mechanical definitions of poetry.

Hardy fares equally well at the hands of the critic, who proves himself thereby no less catholic than penetrating. One would expect it of a man who in dealing with Coleridge revealed his romanticism, in the sense of perceiving the greatness and wretchedness of man. Lowes says himself: "To love both Meredith and Hardy is more than a test of catholicity. It means possession of the power to appreciate at once the poignant beauty and the nameless dread that hand in hand walk with us through the world."

When it comes to the Bible the reader may feel that Mr. Lowes is a trifle bowed down by centuries of admiration. They do lend something to the object, as Hazlitt said, but why is the Bible *the* noblest monument of English prose? Because so many of its expressions have passed into everyday speech? But these are most often misquotations, and Mr. Lowes is guilty of one himself. Because of the moral fervor that breathes through the imagery? But that imagery can be considered fulsome and the fervor fanatical. Because of its influence on other prose writers? But was this greater than that of the Renaissance dramatists who preceded it or of Addison who followed? Certainly the jargon which comes from imitating the King James version and gives us morsels like the Lang, Leaf, and Myers translation of the "Iliad" is to be deplored and subtracted from the total of "great good influence." Ruskin's admirable prose is often called Biblical and adduced as proof of derived merit, but it really bears little resemblance to the Hampton Court gentlemen's pomp and circumstance. It is exceedingly direct and colloquial, and the big guns that boom in it now and again could be echoes of Marlowe as well as of the royal scribes. Mr. Lowes's adoration of the English dress given the sacred Book has one other weak spot. He tells us of the "inexpugnable racial tendency of the Hebrew mind to express not only emotions but ideas in apt and telling imagery." That "racial tendency" is suspect a priori, but let it pass; it is absurd because logically it makes all poets Hebrews while it asserts the doubtful proposition that all Hebrews were poets.

The penultimate essay, on Amy Lowell, is more than charitable; it is sympathetic. It shows a wide knowledge of her work though it omits—is it conscious choice?—all mention of her

SEX TECHNIQUE in MARRIAGE

By ISABEL EMSLIE HUTTON, M.B., Ch.B., M.D.
Physician to the British Hospital for Functional Mental and Nervous Diseases, London
Foreword by IRA S. WILE, M.D.
Former Commissioner of Education, N. Y. C.

ILLUSTRATED with EXPLANATORY DIAGRAMS

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BIRTH CONTROL

IT comes as a startling fact to many couples who THINK they are well-informed, that they ARE in REALITY, AMAZINGLY IGNORANT OF THE SEX TECHNIQUE IN MARRIAGE. "When no trouble is taken to learn how to make sexual intercourse harmonious and happy, a variety of complications arise. Very often wives remain sexually unawakened, and therefore inclined to dislike sexual intercourse. When that happens, husbands do not experience what they long for, and are apt to be sexually starved. Neither husbands nor wives on these terms attain to harmony, and the result is nervous ill-health. . . The cause of all this is not want of love. It is want of *knowledge.*"—A. H. Gray, M.A., D.D.

"FROM a very large clinical experience I have come to the conclusion that probably not one in five men knows how to perform the sexual act correctly." Many men feel bitter, in a resigned sort of way, about their "frigid wives." As a matter of fact this problem, which too often is one of the "the bungling husband," frequently vanishes completely when both husband and wife know exactly what to do for each other. In THE SEX TECHNIQUE IN MARRIAGE, Dr. Hutton describes the sexual act in such detail that no one need any longer remain in ignorance of exactly how it should be performed. In the foreword to this work Dr. Ira S. Wile declares: "A knowledge of the science of mating offers greater assurance of successful marriage."

WHILE completely frank, Dr. Hutton handles the subject with excellent taste, and, as the American Medical Association says, "with good judgment as to what constitutes general medical opinion."

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admirable little volume entitled "East Wind." It also inclines, in the effort to credit her with endless originality, to forget some of the sources of her ideas.

JACQUES BARZUN

Political History: Old Style

THE STORY OF CONGRESS. By Ernest Sutherland Bates. Harper and Brothers. $3.

SINCE the publication of his history of Congress, Mr. Bates has already been taken to task by spokesmen for the professional historians and political scientists. The historians, as usual, are prepared to quarrel with his interpretation of this or that fact or character in American history while the political scientists apparently object that he has not attempted an analysis of Congress as an institution—as a mechanism in the general scheme of American government. Studies of this type are naturally very popular among political scientists, and when they are intelligently done sometimes result in books that, far from being dry as dust, are commentaries of great interest and penetration. But a man may justly choose to write his own kind of book, and Mr. Bates may justly contend that an institutional treatment of Congress would be superfluous. There are already available at least two classics in this category, Woodrow Wilson's "Congressional Government" and Lindsay Rogers's "The American Senate," as well as George Rothwell Brown's excellent book "The Leadership of Congress."

The real objection to Mr. Bates's book is that it is such a poor example of what it is apparently intended to be, and it is to be suspected from his preface that probably nobody knows this better than Mr. Bates himself. He has aimed to produce "a modest record of the doings of Congress for the information of the general reader." What has been said and done in the halls of Congress is to be recounted for his delectation, and Mr. Bates proceeds to do so after a fashion, Congress by Congress! His generous vest pocket edition of the *Congressional Record* makes, however, rather desultory reading. The trouble is that he has no real stomach for the job, and, indeed, he confesses quite frankly that "an adequate history of Congress would be a life work. And when one had finished it, he might have serious doubts whether his life could not have been better spent." It is apparent from this remark alone that he should have chosen a subject for a pot-boiler in which he could have become more interested and which would have enlisted his very considerable talents, which lie, however, in the direction of analysis of the contemporary social scene.

What Mr. Bates has been able to produce by relying upon the general histories of the United States is only another general history of the United States, which is marred however by its special angle. He adopts the economic interpretation as his general point of view but his book nevertheless remains largely an old style political history. Since Congress is a political institution, and is always engaged in political acts, it could hardly be otherwise. The feat of dressing up his political history proves too much for Mr. Bates. He realizes that a great part of the history of Congress is merely show, and while he devotes a certain proportion of his space to forensic eloquence, duels and fisticuffs, he has been unable to garner enough inside dope from his secondary sources to give anything like an intimate picture of the continuous spectacle which the national legislature makes of itself. The historical fraternity will doubtless think that Mr. Bates has often been too trivial but the truth of the matter is that he has not been trivial enough.

WILLIAM SEAGLE.

False Witness

MEXICAN MARTYRDOM. By Wilfrid Parsons, S.J. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

IT IS the cry of the Catholic Church in Mexico that, though it tends strictly to its own spiritual business and never attempts to drive its flock in specific political directions, it nevertheless is treated as if it were the political and social enemy of the present Mexican State. Such treatment, it holds, constitutes a baseless and fanatical persecution on religious grounds, thus making the Church in Mexico a religious martyr.

This is the thesis upon which Father Wilfrid Parsons's book, "Mexican Martyrdom," is built. To uphold it, the author has drawn heavily upon the prevailing ignorance, among American readers, of Mexican history, Church history, political doctrine and role in Catholic countries, and on the customary assumption that men of the cloth are all learned and upright scholars. And, in the hands of an amiable, respectful, and unposted reader, Father Parsons gets away with it, for his book is practically a masterpiece in bearing false witness. The methods are: blandly state your arguments as if they were facts, and as if no evidence against them existed; attribute to the other side the lowest and most stupid possible motives, objectives, and methods; in presenting a piece of history, subtract all events that do not bear out what you want to prove; and always keep to a positive and righteous tone.

All those genuinely interested in the problems raised by the Church's frequent appeals for support in its Mexican struggle should read along with Father Parsons's book Ernest Gruening's chapters on the Church, in his book called "Mexico and Its Heritage." For the reader of scholarly training, there is one difference at least between the two versions that should make some impression: Gruening documents everything he says; Father Parsons simply "vouches" for it. Gruening writes obeying the scientific doctrine that generalizations must issue from facts; Father Parsons, however, proceeds the other way around —facts come second to generalizations—of a mystic character, moreover. In other words he writes history like a theologian, and his argument therefore does not make rational sense, because it obeys another kind of logic. It goes somewhat as follows:

First: the Mexican government is not justified in looking upon the Church as a political enemy. The Church stands aloof from political struggles. It advises its communicants only in matters of conscience, and can therefore rightly say that President Cárdenas is not going to be Mexico's peacemaker because he has not broken with the National Revolutionary Party, "and because of this, the people of Mexico is bound to be the victim of Socialistic dreamers who work in behalf of the proletariat, and look for justice without charity, outside of Christ." The Church as such takes no part in politics. What its followers do as Catholics is one matter, and what they do as citizens is still something else again. They can as Catholics and citizens, arm themselves and revolt, marching (frequently accompanied by a priest) and carrying banners hailing "Christ the King"; but between such activities as these and the Church, there is no connection whatsoever.

Without meaning at all to be ironic, one can go on for pages citing examples of the same sort of separation between act and responsibility, upon which the Church's claim to martyrdom in Mexico rests. It flows from the logic of mysticism, and is acceptable to Catholics only. It is the sort of logic that leads Father Parsons to contradict himself frequently, in minor manners, without apparently being at all aware of it. On one

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page he says the Church has an advanced social program, on another that "Catholics must disapprove the injection of agrarian and labor problems into politics." Then, he says that the Church "was an ally of the Government against the exploiters and large landowners, had the Government only seen it," but elsewhere "The only record I can find of the Church's opposition to the Government's policy of social reform concerns the land question. . . ." On page 138, "No open follower of the Church might hope to join a union," and on page 211 "Soldiers were placed in the entrances of factories taking the names of workers as they entered and forcing them to join the radical unions. . . ."

But the whole point is not a question of minor evasions and sophistries. It is one big one, which is that of appealing for the support of liberals in the United States, on the grounds of civil and religious freedom, while at the same time insisting (page 92) as the Church does implicitly and explicitly in Mexico and other Catholic countries, that in such countries its case is not the same as that of any civil or religious institution. In a country that the Church considers Catholic, freedom is not enough; it wants "to change the Constitution by making it more responsive to the clearly defined mind and conscience of the citizenry," and what happens to civil liberties under Catholic governments (Dollfuss, Oliveira Salazar, Gil Robles) the Austrian Socialists could explain.

ANITA BRENNER.

Chronicles in Verse

BURNING CITY. By Stephen Vincent Benét. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.

MR. BENET keeps to the middle of the road in his verse as in his thinking. Neither an innovator nor an imitator, he is an able craftsman who draws upon sources both old and recent. With some lapses his poetry is interesting, perceptive, and in good taste; it has also manifested, in a number of respects, steady growth. "Burning City" is a much slighter book than "John Brown's Body" and lacks its high spots, but in the best of the new poems Mr. Benét has eliminated padding from his rhymed stanzas, and his free verse, although it hovers too closely about a norm of iambic pentameter to have the greatest flexibility and variety, now sounds less often like prose.

Along with an advance in prosody, there has been a decline from "John Brown's Body" in poetic structure and in the quality of the poetic imagination. The most significant of the pieces in "Burning City" attempt, for our own time and on a smaller scale, what the Civil War poem accomplished with a high measure of success, namely, the finding of symbols for an epoch. Notes to Be Left in a Cornerstone tries to tell a future archaeologist what New York in our day was like. It describes the buildings and the violent seasons, it enumerates the types of people, it hints at the city's loneliness and it seeks to generalize:

> They were a race
> Most nervous, energetic, swift, and wasteful
> And maddened by the dry and beautiful light
> Although not knowing their madness.

Still the city fails to come alive; the people are shadows, and the generalization eludes the poet: "It is not just to say any one thing about them."

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Mr. Benét records faithfully and incisively the wasted lands and the wasted lives of our time. Yet his images do not quite assume the dignity of symbols. I say not quite, for the stuff of symbols is there, the all-swallowing Mississippi and the "giant dust-flower" of the ode to Whitman. But the images do not unfold, nor are they brought into intrinsic relationship; a pattern is lacking such as Benét was able to find even in the chaos of the Civil War, to which he gave imaginative structure by the subtle interplay of both personal and impersonal symbols. The crude definiteness of the impersonal symbols, cotton for the South, wheat and iron for the North, was relieved by the men—Brown, Lincoln, Lee, Davis, and the humbler characters—who made the war a conflict of desires and ideas as well as of economic forces. It is to be suspected that Mr. Benét does not know his contemporaries well enough to make them significant, nor is he enough of a prophet or a philosopher to grasp and symbolize the pattern of events. He is the critical historian who shrinks from the half-truths and savageries of prophecy and partisanship; lacking the evidence for a final judgment, he is content to chronicle. As such he has his place and a not undistinguished one; for an honest chronicler who is also a skilful poet is better than a score of false prophets without art.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

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RECORDS

FIRST let me help the editors of *The Nation* solve a problem. It is the problem that confronts a newspaper editor: He can have a concert written up by a layman, who will write of what a layman would hear at the concert and what everyone who reads the paper will understand. Or if he wants authoritative appraisal he can use an expert, who will talk about things which most of the audience would not hear and most readers will not understand. In this situation the editor likes to believe that if only the expert will use different words everyone will understand him; but the difficulty is not with the words, it is with the things the words refer to: if the reader has not experienced them, there are no words that he will understand. However, for the editors of *The Nation* the problem is solved by the fact that I am discussing phonograph records; for when I speak of qualities of music and performance which some readers know nothing about, they can listen to the records and hear what I refer to.

For example, in Mozart's early Violin Concerto in G (K. 216) they can hear what is already the true Mozart style and thought without the richness and subtlety of its maturity; they are, then, the better able to perceive, in the high-spirited first movement, the truth of Tovey's observation that Mozart wrote in the language of operatic comedy; but even in the melodic passages about $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches from the first groove and $\frac{3}{8}$ inch before the last groove of the first record they can perceive the fact that he had something to say which transcended this language. They can also hear that these qualities of the work are admirably realized in the performance of Huberman with the Vienna Philharmonic under Dobrowen. I must, however, warn readers not to be repelled by first impressions of Huberman's playing: once they bring themselves to ignore its lack of sensuous attractiveness (which the Viennese recording engineers do less than nothing about) they will hear, in more subtle qualities of inflection and continuity, a wonderful feeling for the phrase. The warning is the more necessary because the stuff that Columbia puts into the grooves of its records generally spoils the results of the first few playings (three records with Album, $5).

Weingartner's directness with Beethoven is exactly what the music calls for. His set of the Fifth was the one to own; and the new one he has made has the additional virtues of a finer orchestra, the London Philharmonic, and finer recording (except the poor balance that spoils the last section of the Scherzo) (Columbia: four records, $6).

Columbia has issued a set of four records ($6) of arias from "Norma," "Sonnambula," "Forza del destino," "Traviata," "Boheme," "Mefistofele," "Andrea Chenier," and Cilea's "L'Arlesiana," sung by the late Claudia Muzio. Her voice is lovely, but she uses it trickily and without much taste, and is more successful with the moment-to-moment phrasing of Puccini and Giordano than with the sustained melodic line of Bellini or even Verdi. On a single Columbia record ($1.50) Ina Souez sings "Come scoglio" from "Cosi fan tutti": she has a beautiful voice and sings with excellent style, but does not succeed any too well with the florid passages. On the reverse side is "Fra gli amplessi in pochi istanti" from the same opera, which Mme. Souez and Heddle Nash sing beautifully.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

THE FOOD-AND-DRUG BILL

Dear Sirs: The article by your Washington correspondent under date of May 27, Champions of Poisoned Drugs, is so outrageously false, both in its statement of facts and its inferences, that I feel in justice to myself you should have an opportunity to correct it.

I was not a member of the subcommittee which had charge of the pure-food-and-drug bill. It did not come before me as a member of the full committee until after the subcommittee had concluded its work. I challenge your Washington correspondent to produce a word or syllable of mine to justify his statements respecting my position on the bill.

I voted to report the bill, and the amendment which your correspondent considered the most beneficial in the bill, that is, permitting multiple seizure, also received my support in executive session.

Although your correspondent expressly states: "It has not yet been possible to ascertain just which members of the committee are responsible for these betrayals of the public trust," nevertheless, he is reckless enough to attempt to portray the position of members of the committee on matters which came before them in executive session.

SAMUEL B. PETTENGILL,
Member of Congress from Indiana
Washington, June 10

Dears Sirs: I made a number of errors in the piece about which Representative Pettengill wails. I gave too much credit for good faith to some members of the committee—Kenney of New Jersey, and Wadsworth of New York, for example. I gave less credit than they deserved to such members as Sam Rayburn, of Texas, But I made no mistake about Complainant Pettengill.

My sole reference to him was: "Pettengill of Indiana is another who rates profits for drug racketeers ahead of consumer protection." I did not say, or even imply, that he was a member of the subcommittee that had charge of the food and drug bill. And that finishes off his first point of objection.

His second point is a challenge to me to show by the record that his position was as I described it. The challenge sounds brave and bold. In reality, it is not. Mr. Pettengill certainly was aware when he made it that there exists no record of how he voted on any phase of the bill, or, for that matter, how any other member of the committee voted; no record was kept by the committee.

The reporter in such cases must turn to other sources for his information. He must turn, for example, to the drug lobby. Committee members kept the lobby in constant touch with every development in the committee's executive sessions, providing it with copies of the bill and its amendments before the public and other members of Congress were allowed to see them. The lobbyists certainly looked upon Pettengill as one of their friends on the committee. The Black committee earlier in the session had shown that Mr. Pettengill had set up light housekeeping with a railroad and utilities lobbyist here; perhaps this misled the drug lobby into thinking he was a friend of all lobbyists. The fact remains, however, that they delighted in the accounts their spies relayed of the viciously anti-consumer and anti-Administration thrusts made by Pettengill during committee sessions. They were delighted too with their spies' reports that Pettengill was voting consistently against Rayburn, who voted with equal consistency on the public's side. I have made a sufficiently exhaustive investigation on my own part to convince myself at least that these reports were not exaggerated.

But even if they were exaggerated, the fact that Mr. Pettengill did not sign the dissent appended to the committee's report on the bill would suffice to keep me standing firmly upon the assertion I made with reference to him. In addition, I have what I regard as authoritative information to the effect that the Congressman voted in support of Wadsworth's proposal to emasculate the bill's section on advertising control and that he stood for a similar weakening of the cosmetics section. I can particularize on these two points, if Mr. Pettengill would like me to do so.

I have been aware for some time that what I wrote infuriated the gentleman from Indiana more than any other member of the committee. I have also been aware that the reason it so infuriated him was that it made more difficult his fence-straddling act and threatened to defeat him in his efforts to cozen the League of Women Voters and similar organizations back in Indiana. Mr. Pettengill's chief political asset has been his ability to stand not only on both sides of the fence, but, in addition, on the fence itself. He no doubt remembers that public rebuke administered to him by Rayburn last year for practicing his art so assiduously on the holding-company bill. It is time for my brother alumnus of Middlebury College to move out into the center of the field. PAUL W. WARD
Washington, July 3

MR. HARRIS AND THE WEBBS

Dear Sirs: In his letter to *The Nation,* published June 10, Louis Fischer complains that my "most inadequate" review of the Webbs' book on Russia was used to air my own "threadbare, shopworn, and uninteresting prejudices against the Soviet Union." Since I am not aware that I possess these or other prejudices against the Soviet Union, I wish he had been specific rather than mechanical and general in his criticism. I saw no reason to wax rhapsodical over the Webbs' break with the Fabian doctrine of the "inevitability of gradualness." But I did state in simple and direct language that the book is the definitive account of the political and economic system of the Soviet Union and therefore a monumental climax to the Webbs' fifty years of study of social problems; that it is unique because, unlike other accounts, it evaluates the system in terms of its own logic and social ideals; and, finally, that it shows that the Communist revolution has created the material basis for the remaking of man in Russia and is destined to spread to other countries.

It seems incredible that a journalist of Fischer's reputed integrity could completely disregard these features of the review and thus distort my intention. As a defender of the Soviet regime he seems to be more interested in combating my views on the dictatorship and on Comintern policy than he is in understanding the really fundamental problem touched upon in the review. This problem, the theoretical basis of planning in a collectivist economy, is, I repeat, inadequately treated by the Webbs. While I have never doubted the possibility of a correct allocation of resources under communism, I

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do not think that the arguments of the orthodox economists who deny it can be met by a simple assertion of political faith. Such arguments, in so far as they have scientific merit, must be met on their own grounds. The failure of the Webbs to do this provoked my criticism. It is too bad that Fischer's ignorance of this problem and of the importance that I, along with other economists, attach to it caused him to accuse me of a hostility to the Soviet Union that I do not possess.

ABRAM L. HARRIS

London, June 20

CONTRIBUTORS

LOUIS FISCHER, *The Nation's* Moscow correspondent, has lived for twelve years in the Soviet Union, becoming, among the Russians themselves, one of the best known and most trusted of the foreign correspondents. He recently contributed to *The Nation* the first article to appear in an American periodical on the new Soviet Constitution.

PHILIP STEVENSON writes of Jesús Pallares's experiences in New Mexico from first hand knowledge, having lived in Santa Fe for thirteen years. The author of two published novels, "The Edge of the Nest" and "Gospel According to St. Luke's," he has also written and had produced several short plays.

AL GRAHAM comments on the news in his *Historian's Peekly-Weekly,* contributed periodically to F.P.A.'s *Conning Tower,* thus letting off the steam accumulated in his hours as an advertising man.

EMMA L. DAVIS is a sculptress who has been living in the Soviet Union for two years, doing everything from digging subways to studying Russian art.

JACQUES BARZUN is a member of the history faculty at Columbia University. He is the author of "The French Race; A Study in Social and Cultural Ideology."

KENNETH BURKE is the author of several books on modern mores, "Permanence and Change," "Counterstatement," and "Toward a Better Life," and the translator of the short stories of Thomas Mann.

B. L. HAGGIN, a musician himself, at one time broadcast a weekly musical commentary over Station WEVD. He is music critic for the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle.*

THE *Nation* 70 YEARS AGO

July, 1866

THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION

The unanimity which was so striking a characteristic of the Democratic Convention reminded one rather of a machine than of a deliberative assembly, or a meeting of long-separated brethren speaking freely the fulness of their hearts. Meanwhile outside the convention almost everything was equally satisfactory. There was, of course, a great consumption of drinks in the different barrooms, but it led to very little disputatious talking, and we saw nothing that approached a breach of the peace. . . . Neither the resolutions nor the President's address explicitly asserts the powers of the President to do the things which his party applauds him for doing. That is a point upon which the members of the convention wisely refrained from argument. So they endorse his acts generally, without specifying particulars or attempting to reason out their position. The obvious truth is that the majority of the convention were so thankful to the President for not going further that they gladly forgave him for going as far as he did.

THE GIFT OF THE GAB

General Sherman made a few observations the other day at Dartmouth Commencement on Congressional debating. He said he had asked Chief Justice Chase whether, when he was in Congress, "he ever changed his vote by reason of any debate he ever listened to, and he answered that he did not believe he ever did." The discussions in the House are, in fact, very much like the duels one sees on the stage, in which there is a prodigious clicking of foils and a good deal of wriggling of the body, leading children and servant girls to fear that when one of the combatants flops on his back and tosses his manly legs in the air it is all over with him. Much of this unfortunate state of things is to be ascribed to the undue importance given in our colleges and schools to the mere "gift of the gab." Facility in speaking, assurance, and self-possession on one's legs are things which, in America, do not need much cultivation. The art which we need most of all to cultivate among the young is the art of having something to say, and of saying it in clear, pure, unadorned English. It is thought and not words that in the long run governs nations.

THE AUSTRO-PRUSSIAN WAR

Technically, nothing can be more illegal than the course pursued toward Austria by both Prussia and Italy. In the form of international law there is not a word to be said for them. Bismarck, too, is a man with whom no lover of liberal principles can have much sympathy. The same may be said of the King. But behind them both there lies a nation which has got fast hold of all the essential ideas of modern progress in which education, comfort, self-respect, and respect for law are perhaps more widely diffused than in any other in the world except our own, and which may fairly be said to contain all that is best in German character and thought. Anyone who extends the sphere of Prussian influence, of Prussian law and Prussian rule, no matter who he may be or what his aims are, renders, we believe, a great service to freedom and civilization. . . . Austria, on the other hand, has not a single claim on the sympathy of any human being. The House of Hapsburg has done nothing for literature, nothing for science, little for art, and has probably inflicted more misery on the world than any race with which it has pleased God to curse it. We, therefore confess that we hope the Prussians will make a clean sweep now that they are about it.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION

Looking around among our acquaintances we do not call to mind a single parent who is a terror to his children; and we rejoice that it is so. But we do know multitudes of parents who never had their children under their control; and this we cannot rejoice over. A spoiled child is an emblem of misery to itself and discomfort to all around. We assert that the enormous prevalency of abortion among married women is largely owing to the universal expectation that children will be a source of irritation and anxiety, undisciplined little nuisances, worrying their parents' lives and driving off their parents' friends. "Young America" is proverbially pert, obtrusive, and irreverent; unaccustomed to obey at home, our young men are apt to lack respect for lawful authority everywhere. Probably half the cost of our late Civil War may be fairly charged to the lack of habits of discipline and obedience on both sides.

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